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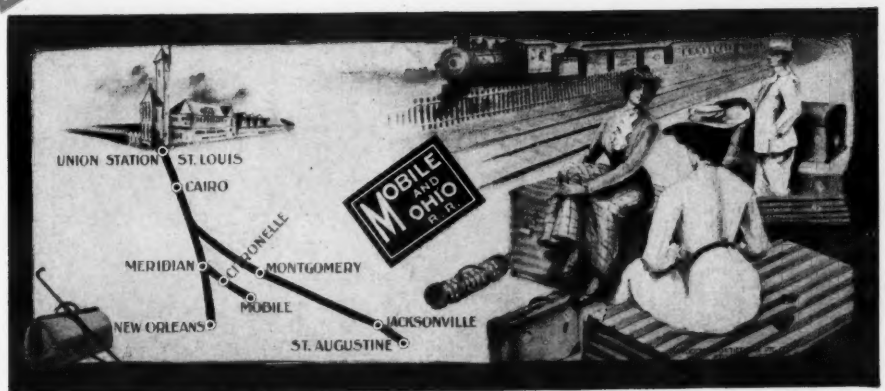
The Mirror



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The Mirror

VOL. XIV—No. 5

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, MARCH 10, 1904.

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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A Nasty Campaign

By William Marion Reedy

THE present campaign for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Missouri is a nasty one. It is a campaign which, if carried on much longer, in the manner that has characterized it for the past three months, will leave the party in such shape that the Republicans may carry the State. It is freely said, on the one hand, that if Folk be not nominated, the party will be beaten at the polls. It is said, with equal emphasis on the other hand, that if Mr. Folk should be nominated the State will go Republican. There would appear to be just enough suspicion of truth in each assertion to warrant Democrats in putting a curb upon their tongues and ceasing from their present tremendous activity in furnishing ammunition to the enemy.

Mr. Folk's campaign has put his whole party upon the defensive. His speeches have identified his party with boodler and his opponents as boodlers. There is not a taunt or jibe or accusation hurled at the Democrats by the Republican press that has not its basis in the speeches or circulars of Mr. Folk and his campaign managers. It does not stand to reason that faithful old line Democrats will gladly support Mr. Folk in the event of his nomination when they find every argument against their party traced back to the mouth of Mr. Folk himself, or to the mouths of his spokesmen. If everybody who is against Mr. Folk's nomination is to be classed as a boodler, it may be depended upon that in the event of his nomination all his present opponents will resent the accusation at the polls. If any other man than Mr. Folk should be nominated for Governor, how can the Folk supporters, who have acquiesced in the denunciation of his rivals, support the candidate of ringsters and boodlers? Mr. Folk's campaign simply eviscerates his party in any event of the nominating convention.

Mr. Folk implies that Mayor Reed is the candidate of the ring. He insists that Mr. Hawes is the tool of Edward Butler. He intimates that Judge Gantt of the Supreme Court is to be nominated by Butler and the ring in payment for a Supreme Court decision acquitting Butler of bribery.

Yet Mr. Folk says he will abide by the decision of the Democratic convention. This means that he will support the nominee. How can he promise to support either of the three men named for any office if he believes what he says to be true? How can he ask honest people to vote for men he has so accused, if any of those men be nominated? If either Judge Gantt, Mayor Reed or Mr. Hawes should be nominated, they will have to answer the charges made against them by Mr. Folk. The Republicans will quote Folk interminably against them. What can Mr. Folk say for the party and its nominees on the stump?

If Mr. Folk should be nominated, how can he make a fight for a party that he has accused of being, as to its organization, the fosterer and protector of corruption? Mr. Folk, as head of the State ticket, will be confronted with all the charges he has made against the practical elements of his party, and those elements

will be represented on the ticket with him. He will be in the attitude of a man asking the leaders he has abused and villified to follow and support him. Will they do it? Not much.

Whether Mr. Folk win the nomination of his party or lose it, he will be the most powerful factor in discrediting his party and disrupting it. There seems no escape from such a conclusion.

Mr. Folk's campaign has been a disingenuous one, especially as it refers to his St. Louis rival, Mr. Hawes. Mr. Folk has said that Mr. Hawes is Butler's candidate, when he knows as well as any one else in St. Louis knows, that Butler hates Hawes even worse than he hates Folk himself. Mr. Folk's campaign manager lies when he says that Mr. Hawes gets his campaign fund from Ellis Wainwright, the expatriated millionaire boodler in Paris. Mr. Folk's friends lie when they intimate that Mr. Hawes is to be clubbed into success in St. Louis by the police, for they know that Folk's friend Stuever is almost as powerful in the Police Board, through friends thereon, as Mr. Hawes himself. The Folk shouters lie when they claim that Mr. Hawes is the candidate of the race track interest. He couldn't be the candidate of that interest and of Butler, too, since Butler and the race track interest are at deadly enmity. These are but sample lies of the many that are circulated about Mr. Hawes, others being of a personal nature so despicable as to prevent their receiving any attention from reputable persons.

One of Folk's loudest and meanest shouters is Bob Kern. Bob Kern is especially eloquent upon Butler and the St. Louis Indians. Well, Bob once ran for a Congressional nomination in St. Louis. He put up \$1,800 in Ed Butler's hands to secure it. The boys gave the nomination to George Castleman, and Kern made a squeal, and Ed Butler gave him back his money. Two other times Kern sought the Democratic nomination in this city, and sought it through Butler influences. Once he was nominated for Congress here, and, if I mistake not, he solicited the support of Butler's friends, and even wrote a personal letter to "Jim" Butler asking that gentleman to make speeches for him on the stump. Kern was never an anti-Butler man when he could use Butler or Butler's friends, or the money of Butler's friends. Kern left this city to run for Congress in the district in which lies the city of Macon. He didn't make the raffle. Then he ran for the legislature. He was beaten by a youth of 21. And all the time he was seeking honors in the rural districts he kept up his residence in St. Louis, retained his membership in the Jefferson Club, and was carried on the books as a registered voter of this city. As for the St. Louis Indians, well, it would take a long chapter to tell the relations of Bob Kern to the Cherokee Indians in the Territory and the blacks intermarried with those Indians. Bob ought not to be afraid of "Indians." Rather ought Indians to be afraid of him. If the tales one hears be true, Bob created Indians in the Territory for a small fee at a rate that would put the promoters of nat-

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uralization frauds to shame for dunderheaded inefficiency. Kern licked Butler's boots more sycophantically than anyone when Kern was a candidate. Kern fawned to Hawes more than any other man in St. Louis when he thought Hawes could help him. Kern will fawn upon anybody or anything to get in line with an office of any old kind.

The Folk element is playing politics as low down as the dirtiest ruffians of politics ever played it. The Folk crowd has doped the country with exaggerated stories of the invasion of St. Louis County by Indians. The Folk managers tried to steal the St. Louis County convention. They hid their township conventions. They barred the Hawes supporters from the county convention, and when the latter forced their way into the hall the Folk gang fled and claimed to have been intimidated. The Folk convention, with the Hawes men shut out, adjourned when the Hawes men appeared, and then painted the bustle consequent upon the emergence of one set of delegates and the entrance of another set as a bloody riot. This was done solely for effect upon the rural counties of the State. It was done to inflame country feelings against the city. It was eminently successful, but it would not have been so bad had not the St. Louis *Republic* lent itself to the Folk purposes and colored the accounts of the convention so as to put the followers of Mr. Hawes in the wrong.

The St. Louis *Republic*, a party organ, claiming to have no choice for the nomination, has boosted Folk steadily. It has suppressed news for him. It has distorted news for him. It has undercut Hawes at every turn. It has, by innuendo, identified Mr. Hawes with Butler in a way more effective even than the Folk diatribes along the same line. The *Republic* has done everything it could to make the country people of the State believe that the issue is between Folk and Ed Butler, when the *Republic* has the indisputable evidence that there is no alliance, and not even a truce, between Hawes and Butler in St. Louis. The *Republic* has not done this openly and bravely. It has done it covertly, sneakily and scurvily. It has not dared to come out against Hawes, but has attacked him over Butler's shoulders.

One result of the *Republic's* intrigue with Folk to make Butler the issue has been to terrorize the counties. The other day, in Reynolds County, the people were talking about arming themselves against an incursion of Butler "Indians" from St. Louis. Butler, the man Folk queerly enough could not convict of crime because he did not present the evidence, is the strongest card Folk has, and is doing him more good than all Folk's own arguments. One would think that there had been an understanding between Folk and Butler to "do up" Hawes. It would seem also that the friends of Butler in Kansas City are also helping Folk by building a fire under Mayor Reed. Frank Walsh, the leader of the anti-Reed faction in Kansas City, is an old-time Butlerite. Butler is being put to the front all over the State to discredit Hawes and Reed in the interest of Folk, and the Folk politicians, some of them the smartest in the State, are making great capital of the *Republic's* intimation that Butler is on top in St. Louis, and is the power behind Hawes. This is the supreme nastiness of the situation. It is the meanest political work this State has known in a generation, since it is based altogether on misrepresentation and lies. That it is dangerous to the peace and good name of the State is shown by the talk of guns at the polls in various outlying districts of the commonwealth. The cry has gone up that not only are the opponents of Folk thieves and corruptionists, but they are willing to be murderers. And all the time this cry is going up the Folk managers are packing primaries, throttling conven-

tions, overruling the popular will or disputing it, faking up false protests and unjustifiable bolts, and inciting disorder that they may attribute it to their opponents. The Folk managers in one moment are pleading the baby act, and in another are indulging in tricky, underhand, snap politics of the most approved practical sort. Congressman Vandiver, for instance, is whining civic righteousness and all the time lying about Hawes and Butler, about Hawes and the fund he got from Wainwright in Paris, about Hawes and the race track support, about Hawes and the "invasion" of St. Louis County, about Hawes and his \$100,000 bundle to carry the State.

Now, no such charges are made against Folk. He is attacked on his record as a Democrat, and on nothing else. He is not accused of deliberately ignoring evidence against Butler on the latter's second trial. Nothing is said about Folk's campaign fund. Little is heard of Folk's friendly relations with Cochran and Phelps of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, or with John H. Carroll of the Burlington route. Whatever may be the character of the fight against Folk on the stump, at least the other candidates have not tried brazen lying about him. His actions as a Democrat and an official are criticised, but he is not the object of venomous attacks upon his personal character by means of stories which are, on their face, the rankest sort of inventions. If boodles be the issue, Reed and Hawes have met it, while Folk's friend, Vandiver, has told lies about the sources of Hawes' "sinews of war."

What the effect of such a campaign will be upon the State can be imagined. First, there is the cry that the State is in the hands of a party dominated by boodles. Then the Folk stories go abroad that the State is ruled by thugs and ruffians from St. Louis. The primaries and conventions are pictured as riots. The country is told in effect that boodlers who ought to be in the penitentiary are openly dominating party councils. The Democratic party is described by a man who aspires to lead it in battle as the party of corruption and crime. The Supreme Court of the State is blasted as being subservient to the lowest elements, and amenable to the basest influences imaginable in a commonwealth. The charges are so sweeping and exaggerated that they cannot be true, but they undoubtedly influence many unthinking people, and Missouri is in imminent danger of standing forth as "the rottenest State in the Union." All this is the net result of the campaign thus far.

It is Mr. Folk who is responsible for the misrepresentation of his party and the whole State. Mr. Folk has made it appear as if he alone in the whole State is the only honest man. Mr. Folk has branded with "boodles" every man who ventures to doubt that he is the man for his party to nominate. Mr. Folk has put the idea into the people's minds that the Supreme Court is devious, if not crooked. Mr. Folk has, either by direct assertion or by inference, besmirched the administration of his party, and has given the Republicans a chance to unload upon his party all their crooks exposed and prosecuted by Mr. Folk himself.

If Mr. Folk should not be nominated, he is pledged to support the man who will be nominated. That man, by Mr. Folk's own logic, will be the candidate of the crooks and boodlers. How can such a man be elected?

If Mr. Folk should be nominated, will the men he has vituperated and abused as crooks and boodlers support him enthusiastically? What will the working Democrat out in the State say, when, as he accepts Folk, some one says: "You're for Folk, are you? And Folk said only a few months ago, you were a boodler?" Will the Republicans support Folk? If they were considering such a thing would they be figuring upon

nominating for Governor so estimable a gentleman as Mr. Wallbridge? Can Mr. Folk carry Missouri with the Democrats of St. Louis and Kansas City and the lesser towns of the State maddened against him by his denunciation of them?

I don't think that Mr. Folk is beaten for the Governorship. The fact that he let Butler slip through his fingers at Fulton, under queer circumstances, is against him. The fact that his followers are adept at tricky, thug politics, is against him. The palpable lies his supporters are telling about his opponents are against him. But the thing that is helping him is the misrepresentation of the situation in St. Louis. The *Republic* has sent it out broadcast over the State that Butler is on top in St. Louis, and that Butler is the man behind Hawes. The *Republic* has filled the counties with rage that the Butler influence should contemplate the sending of "Indians" to the counties to bulldoze the residents. The *Republic* has appealed to the old rural hatred of the city, and this appeal has been bolstered up by Folk whimperings, Kern's whinings and Vandiver's lies, until it seems that the issue is being made one between Butler and Folk. Such an issue can have but one outcome. That Butler is not the friend of Hawes is true; but how is the fact to reach the people? The papers are all plugged against the presentation of that fact. What paper gives prominence to Hawes' denials of the alliance with Butler, or to his repudiation of the story that Ellis Wainwright paid him, in Paris, to make the race? What paper will show up the hypocrisy of Bob Kern's political pulings? The press is "doped" in the interest of Folk, and the cause of "civic righteousness" goes merrily along on wheels greased by slander, not only of the candidates opposing Folk, but of the City of St. Louis and the State of Missouri, and all the decent people thereof.

It is a nasty campaign. The whole community is bespattered with filth to advance the ambitions of Mr. Folk. He would not only destroy his party, but befoul his State. Whether he triumph or fail, the State is pilloried before the country as a commonwealth wherein all the putridities of politics, all the violence and viciousness of methods of Pennsylvania at its vilest, all of Kentucky at its ultimate of cantankerously picturesque homicidal outbreak, and the States of the black belt in their most undisguised revels of suppressing the ballot are reproduced and intensified to the uttermost. That is the picture of Missouri Mr. Folk has conjured up for the country in order that he may cry aloud that he is the man to "redeem" it. If there be retribution in life, this thing he has created will be the means of his destruction. The time must soon come when the people of this State will weary of a situation in which in order that one man may be exalted above his fellows, the whole community shall "get the worst of it," shall be injured financially and commercially, and all its population depicted either as the participants in and profilers by villainy or as the supine, stagnant, stupid, molybdinous helots to an oligarchy of grafters. That's what Folk says we are. That's what the country, reached through the papers by Folk, is beginning to think we are. What are we going to do about it? Elect him: we plead guilty. Defeat him; ditto—to hear him tell it. How escape the dilemma? Shall Missouri go Republican?



New Microbe Theory.

SCIENTISTS are telling us that persons who ride on the platforms of street cars are immune from the attacks of the consumption microbe. We can only vouch for this as far as it applies to the Transit cars. A microbe would have a mighty tough time finding a lodgment on one of their platforms. Besides, the cars are almost too filthy for the microbes.

REFLECTIONS

A Good Acquisition.

MR. ROBERT McCULLOCH'S election to membership in the Board of Directors of the United Railways Company intimates lots of things for the St. Louis Transit Company. Mr. McCulloch is a street railway man of proved managerial worth and skill. He understands the business in all its details and ramifications. He has been at it for ever so many years. His re-entering of the local field should please the Transit officials as well as shareholders, and St. Louisans in general. Mr. McCulloch is just the man the company needs in its present precarious position. If he is given the right sort of unstinted backing and skilled aids, he should be able to effect marked physical and financial improvements in the system. The Transit Company's service, on most of its branches, is execrably poor and petty. Of late, evidence of want of proper supervision has not been lacking. The present management seems to be overburdened with too much work and responsibility. The company is certainly sufficiently important, and growing fast enough, to warrant the installation of a carefully divided and thoroughly efficient management. A change along this line should prove an excellent investment. It would yield splendid results, financially and otherwise. Decentralization is what the directors should urge and favor and bring about. As long as managerial supervision remains as excessively concentrated as it is at the present time, the company will find it impossible to grow into what it should be,—the most prominent and best appreciated quasi public institution in St. Louis.



Justice to Russia.

It would be well for the American press and people to be more charitable in their judgment of Russia's international policy. There is altogether too much Pecksniffian disposition to condemn Russia for acts and aims which were or are in no essential different from ours or those of other leading nations. Why should any justly-thinking person criticise the Muscovite power for its inflexible policy of territorial aggrandizement? Are not the United States, France, Germany, Japan and England displaying more or less activity originating in the same motive and desire? Why condemn Russia for doing the very thing which has grown to be the distinctive form and force of present-day *Weltpolitik*? Let's be just and sensible. Away with smug hypocrisy! The Czar's is far from being an ideal government, yet it is immeasurably superior to any that China or Korea or any other of the Asiatic despots could give their millions of benighted, kowtowing subjects. And who knows but that Russia may really be a better agent of civilization in Mongolian Asia than is Japan? There has lately appeared a book in England, written by an observant and widely known British traveler, in which the startling assertion is made that positively no worse fate could befall the Korean people than to come under the complete control of the Japanese. In the last fifty years the land of the Mikado has advanced marvelously in Occidental civilization. It has a representative government, a splendid school system, based upon the principle of compulsory education, a splendid army and navy, and everything else going towards making a nation great and respected. Yet it would be unpardonably and perilously fallacious to argue from this that Japan has permanently become one of the foremost civilized nations. Fifty years is a short space of time in the lives of governments and people. The

Japanese have yet to demonstrate their right and fitness to claim recognition as a member of the Areopagus of great civilized governments. An opportunistic alliance with England alone does not necessarily confer a valid patent of nobility on a government that seems to have a peculiar penchant for portentous and costly adventures on the Asiatic continent. I repeat, let's be just to Russia! It will not benefit us the least to evince spite and jealousy against a nation that rendered us, about forty years ago, services so timely, so signal and yet so unexpected that we have been unable as yet to place the proper value on them. When, during the dark and fatal days of the Civil War, a formidable Russian squadron proudly rode at anchor in New York harbor, under sealed orders from St. Petersburg, what a sigh of relief went up from the hearts of thousands of fearing patriots, and how quickly came to a stop the treacherous intrigues of France and England to intervene in behalf of the Confederacy! Ill does it become us now, as a united and powerful Nation, to heap ill-will and contumely upon a friend who proved a friend indeed at a time when the fate of the greatest republic on earth was trembling in the balance.



Investigating Mormonism.

THE Utah theocracy of Mormons is stirred up to its utmost depths. The Senate is giving the Smithian system of revelation a most revelative airing. The airing is badly needed, judging by the evidence so far elicited. President Smith's testimony has assumed the unmistakable shape of an *apologia pro vita sua*. The angular seer and head of the Latter Day Saints is singularly naive in his expounding of Mormon doctrine. His exegesis of plural marriages reads like a Hourai chapter from the Koran. His placid self-assurance and aplomb in the matter of divine revelation must induce wonderment among intelligent people as to the sort of apperceptive and rational equipment the modern Mormon is afflicted with. The Utah hierarchy, with its claim of divine revelation and its Pickwickian simultaneous defence and rejection of polygamy, is assuredly one of the strangest spectacles in America at the beginning of the twentieth century.



Psychopathic Women.

THE Clayton court-room was crowded with women while the Barrington murder trial was in progress. Wonder what possesses so many feminine minds nowadays! The throng of women at Clayton last week would have afforded splendid working material for the inquisitive neurologist and psychopath. The morbidly curious and psychically perverse woman is doubtless multiplying apace. No sane-minded and sane-hearted woman could find anything to fascinate her in a banal, knavish, sordid criminal of the Barrington class. *Faugh!* It is nauseating, indeed, this cult of crime-worship in court rooms.



Ill-Advised Miners.

THERE is to be another strike in the bituminous coal regions. President Mitchell, of the United Mine Workers, has given up hopes, it seems, of any peaceable adjustment of the pending troubles. This is anything but pleasant news to the public. It would seem that the miners could afford to submit to a small wage reduction. They have bettered their economic lot materially in the past two years. They have been given repeated increases in wages and gained various other concessions from their employers. This is

abundantly proved in the recently published book of Mr. Mitchell. The coal miners have been enjoying the earnest sympathy and good wishes of the public in their recent labor controversies. And for very good reasons. Theirs is a dreary, grinding work. In former years they had to endure numberless hardships and extortions in some form or other. But a great change has taken place since, and a reign of mutual forbearance between miners and operators should bring about still more decisive welcome changes in the course of time. In consideration of all this, the miners should realize that they have been put on their good behavior, and that the public will not approve of the rash declaration of a big strike at the present time. This is not an opportune juncture for radical action, such as would be involved in a refusal to listen to any proposition calling for a cut in wages. The country's economic position is not such as to warrant any man or any body of men to scorn listening to advice and explanation, or to look upon economic problems of National scope and bearing from an exclusively and intransigently egoistic standpoint. Considering the reaction in general trade and industry, and the many reductions in wages which have willingly been accepted by thousands of workingmen, the bituminous coal mine owners cannot be held to ask for anything unreasonable or unjustifiable. Every line of industry has to adjust itself to the general drift in the situation. To do otherwise would invite loss and failure. And wages cannot be expected to be exempt from the pitiless, yet natural workings of economic laws and influences. It is to be hoped that the United Mine Workers will yet recognize the advisability of coming to terms with their employers. Concessions on both sides will surely prevent the precipitation of a strike that could only tend to complicate and disturb business conditions still more.



Tightening Up the Town.

ST. LOUIS saloons are to be closed for certain hours on Sunday. The saloon men, if they are wise, will obey the law. The closing doesn't materially hurt business, and if saloon men would obey the law more generally, they would not be so continually the victims of political bulldozing, either to coerce their support or to pacify the preachers. But this thing of putting the lid on the town and jamming it down tight and sealing it hermetically just about World's Fair time is bad policy. The tighter the lid is put on the surer there is to be an explosion later. This is a time for liberal government in this city, not for restriction. The spasm of virtue is a bad thing, simply because the reaction from it, when once the Fair is going, will only produce conditions at the other extreme. The town, with the whole world for guests, cannot be bottled up like a rural village. When politicians get to playing politics with the morals of a community there is always danger to morals. The taking up of the saloon and related reforms by politicians at this time is purely hypocritical and wholly contemptible. The preachers may be fooled by the fake, and the saloon men may tremble for their licenses for awhile, but in the end the evils hypocritically covered up will break out more flamantly and clamantly than ever, and our last state will be worse than our first. The repression of the saloons will not last. The tight-shut town won't last. The city as a world-center cannot be a necropolis, and it is the worst social policy to force vice into hiding in a municipality as congested as this will be during the Fair period. This playing politics with the liberties and appetites and customs of people from many places far and near will injure the city. This is a normally decent city, and it should have been allowed to remain so. It will be made indecent by enforcing upon it this year abnormal restrictions in

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line with the disciplining of the saloon men on the Sunday closing question. No one wants the city wide open for vice of all sorts, but everyone knows that it is only common sense to run the city, this year above all years, with some regard for the opinion of most people that no big town should be put in a strait-jacket. Still, it is hoped the saloon men will rigidly obey the law, and ask no favors of any official. If only they would always do that, they would not be the politicians' football before every primary and every election. They would have to fear neither Folk nor Hancock nor Seibert nor the police.



Cleansing Parties.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S action against the "irregularities" of the members of the Dawes Commission is a frank piece of good government work, but it is noticeable that he doesn't make the report of Messrs. Bonaparte and Woodruff the occasion for an attack upon his whole party for corruption. The Indian scandals are good Democratic campaign material, but it is plain that the Republicans are determined to minimize the evils while acting against them, instead of exaggerating them to the party's undoing, as is the course of procedure of reform Democratic leaders with regard to the corruption in all parties in Missouri. The Republicans nationally have gone about the work of cleansing their party without destroying it. They are not supplying the enemy with ammunition. They have handled the postal and other scandals in a way to gain credit for themselves for the reform rather than discredit for the existence of the evils. President Roosevelt, in this matter, at least, is not chargeable with hysteria. A certain eminent Democratic reformer in Missouri might learn a great deal to his advantage as an aspirant for office, by studying the President's method of purifying his own party. It is always wrong to indict a whole people or a whole party for the misdeeds of a few. An attempt to do so always reacts upon the one who draws up the indictment.



The Matter With the Drama.

WHAT'S the matter with the American drama? is a question frequently asked by critics of the play. A look at "Her Only Way," at the Olympic this week, prompts the response that the chief matter with the American drama is Clyde Fitch. He is too prolific and too superficial. His colors are laid on with a trowel and his smartness is essentially insincere. He writes a play every other day and none is more than an attenuated sketch pieced out with neurasthenic trimmings. It is said that this sort of thing pleases the public. That can't be true. The public simply endures it. The Clyde Fitch vogue is nothing but an Oscar Wilde attuned to the melodramatic. There is no American dramatist doing anything worthy of serious consideration but Augustus Thomas, and his plays unfortunately are held from the people at large for the delectation of the least American city of the Union, New, York. Clyde Fitch drama is only tolerable because it's different from musical comedy, which is neither musical nor comedy, and vaudeville which is not variety.



Francis for President.

THE more any dispassionate Democrat studies the presidential situation of his party the more evident it becomes that the best man upon whom to compromise and harmonize all differences, so far as they may be possible of harmonization, is David Rowland Francis of Missouri. He is the only man in the country who will fit nicely into all the necessities of the situation. And to nominate him for President would

not in the least interfere with his duties as President of the Exposition, or if it did, he might resign after July, leaving the great show well started in other hands.



Truth and Lies.

THE St. Louis daily papers have at last discovered that there is no vice syndicate here. They print the discovery in twenty-line items. They printed the original fake in two-column articles with scare heads. No wonder the truth about St. Louis cannot catch up with the lies that are sent out for political effect.



Parkhurstian.

REV. CHARLES PARKHURST said recently in a sermon that Abraham Lincoln's mother was no better than she should have been. She was Lincoln's mother. Lincoln loved her and venerated her memory. And Parkhurst is—well, he is Parkhurst, the filthy-minded, the foul-tongued, the patron of the brothel circus-in-the-altogether. *Tout est dit.*



Will Missouri Go Republican?

THE people of Missouri, especially the urban population, have not yet awakened to a realization of a great, quiet change has been steadily taking place in the complexion of the State's politics in the last four years. Shrewd observers in the rural districts even now assert that this is really one of the doubtful States, and Republicans have been steadily building up hopes that it would land in the Republican column. The cause of this change of opinion since the last presidential election is the steady immigration that has been attracted to Missouri. What with the immense advertisement the World's Fair has given the Commonwealth, the well-known fertility and the remarkable cheapness of its land and the big railroad improvements that have been projected or are under way in regions whose soil has heretofore been untouched by the steel either of the railroad builder or the progressive agriculturist, fully 30,000 new citizens have decided to try their fortune here. And all these new people have been "tabbed up" by those having a political interest in learning the drift of opinion in Missouri. These new residents are mostly of the pastoral kind, and they have come from States wherein it was almost worth a man's life to espouse the principles of Democracy. They are from Wisconsin, Iowa and Illinois and Kansas, and the majority, if not all of them, are Republicans. Now 30,000 persons are not many to be added to the population of a great State like Missouri, but 30,000 votes added to the total cast for the Republican candidate for Governor in the last election would swamp the Democratic majority of 15,000 which Governor Dockery received. Thirty

"My Dreams Are at Thy Door"

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

MY dreams are at thy door,
They beat with unheard hands;
Their cries thou heed'st no more
Than the spent wave on the sands.

My dreams are at thy door:
Night and Illusion give
(As they have given before)
The life they briefly live.

But, while they wait, outpour
Thine own, in fluttering line;
My dreams are at thy door—
Thy dreams—they seek not mine!

thousand new Republican votes are especially dangerous when the Democracy, nationally and in the State, is splitting itself wide open and when the party in the State is furnishing evidence against itself from its own champions. Thirty thousand Republican votes! And how many thousand disgruntled Democrats are being made day by day? Missouri is not so safely Democratic to-day that its leaders can afford to take chances.



The Two Polygamys.

THERE'S something in the claim that the "moral" Yankees who war upon synchronous polygamy in Utah are absurd when they are so much addicted to tandem polygamy, otherwise known as divorce.



No Great Boon.

A HALF-PAGE article in a New York paper announces as a piece of startling news that fashion now decrees a pocket in milady's stocking. What a relief! But the difficulty of finding a lady's pocket is no whit decreased, that I can see.



Changes and a Rumor.

WHAT changes in the New St. Louis! Louis Cella, once a "barkeep," later a racing magnate, now a member of the Transit Company directorate in place of James L. Blair, lawyer, publicist, aristocrat, embezzler. By the way, that is a curiously recurrent rumor that James L. Blair is not dead, but an exile in South America under another name.



Willies.

MR. BRYAN and Mr. Hearst together in their ambitions constitute a clear case of the political "Willies." And there's no sedative in sight unless the National Democracy sits upon them.

Radium.

RADIUM, it is said, will turn the negro's skin white. But it will be no good to the fakir until it will make kinky hair straight. That's what the darkey wants as a first step to "social equality" and the elimination of himself as a problem.



Dress Reform and Holocaust.

THE Iroquois Theater fire in Chicago has accomplished a dress reform for which the bacteriologists thundered in vain. Since that terrible calamity, in which so many human lives were lost, it is noticed that women have discarded the long, cumbersome, street-sweeping skirt which was generally believed to be the greatest of all disease purveyors. None will ever know exactly the deadly cooperation of the long skirt and the fire, when the panic in the Iroquois began, but it is reasonable to believe that many a woman in that doomed throng was tripped by her own or another's skirt in her flight for safety and fell, only to be trampled to death and left an insurmountable human barrier for those who followed in that mad rush. Who knows but that it was the long skirt that caused the passageways and stairs to become jammed with dead bodies? It is well that the women have abandoned it. They have thus not only rendered more probable their escape from crowded places of amusement, but who can calculate the number of lives they have saved by removing one prolific source of the spread of disease germs. The common sense skirt is a sartorial monument to the victims of the Iroquois fire, who, it might be said, in view of this and other reforms growing out of the fire, have not died in vain.



Scaring and Hitting Investors.

EUROPEAN investors seem to be scared out of their wits. They have been losing hundreds of

From Smart Set.

millions of dollars in the past three weeks. They are dropping securities which a year ago they considered absolutely gilt-edged. The war in the Orient precipitated cataclysmal events in the Paris market. Frenchmen were badly caught in Russian bonds. It is estimated that they held at least eight billion francs' worth of these issues. They were so sure that no diplomatic rupture would take place that they even added to their holdings of Muscovite obligations in January. Now they are rueing and cursing their over-confidence and pocketing losses of such enormity that ruinous liquidation in other international and home securities became inevitable. French government rentes fell to an alarmingly low level recently. The total decline exceeded seven points. This may not mean much in the eyes of American speculators, who are accustomed to witness forty and fifty points' drops. In France, however, a depreciation of this extent is considered a veritable national calamity, the reason of this being the extraordinary dispersion of home government bonds among the bourgeois strata of French society. The average Gallic investor cares little or nothing for speculative stocks or real estate mortgages offering a substantial return on the money invested. He prefers his bond, with its relative safety, even though it yield but three or three and one-half per cent. interest. In France government bonds are not, like in this country, held principally by the banks. The three per cent. rentes are

owned in every department, city and hamlet of the country. In the face of all this, it is not surprising that the Paris Bourse should have been the scene of utter consternation and despair latterly. With French and Russian issues making perpendicular, startling declines, the French nation's economic wealth underwent something of a serious shrinkage. Add to these losses those sustained in Japanese, Turkish, Bulgarian and Spanish bonds, and you will be able partly to realize the extent and portent of the crisis now confronting not only Paris, but likewise Berlin, Vienna and London markets. The international financial position is gravely deranged—no doubt about that. Further and worse disasters can only be averted by an adroit, judicious and vigorous pulling together of all the paramount financial interests. If no other European power gets involved in the fatal struggle along the Yalu River, and Abdul Hamid and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria can be induced to sign peace bonds, then a gradual restoration of financial equilibrium should soon be under way. Taking a comprehensive view of the entire situation, Americans should be able to find consolation in the fact that their erstwhile superlative boom has reduced itself to more sensible dimensions. They have discounted much, if not most, of their own and other nations' troubles and fears. When the ominous clouds have rolled by, they should be well prepared to enjoy many of the first and best fruits of returning peace conditions.

ular and profitable. Very little was said about the fact that the Burlington was purchased at the rate of \$200 in joint four per cent bonds for each \$100 worth of stock, which in the latter part of 1900 could have been bought by the pound at less than 125. Only among a few conservatives and cynics was there anything like a disposition to criticise the astounding legerdemain trick perpetrated by the leaders of a slapdash *haute finance*. Some there were who merely smiled and winked the other eye when "Jim" Hill went to the trouble to unbosom himself at times, in his characteristically ingenuous manner, in regard to the vast benefits to flow out of the merger, or J. P. Morgan grunted bluff, testy assurances that everything remained as "lovely," and stocks just as tempting purchases, as ever.

A few months later, Gov. Van Sant, of Minnesota, caused legal proceedings to be instituted against the prodigious railroad combine, alleging that it was violative of the laws of his State. Voluminous testimony was taken, all the "shining lights" figuring in the "deal" being called upon to "show cause," to relate and to explain. J. P. Morgan, when on the witness-stand and asked for the reason of the tremendous capitalization of the Nation's latest "infant industry," calmly declared that the capital had to be made large in order to prevent ruinous "cornering" operations and speculative hold-ups in the stock of the company by reckless millionaire gamblers *a la* Gates. Morgan had been in Wall street's costly school of experience for many years, and did no longer propose to assume unnecessary risks. Besides, what was one hundred or two hundred million dollars at that time? A bagatelle, a drop in a bottomless bucket.

Soon after this the Federal Government took a hand in the affair, Attorney General Knox, upon the instigation of President Roosevelt, filing suit against the Northern Securities Company on the ground of its being a combination in restraint of trade and therefore violating the Sherman anti-Trust Act of 1890. Wall street, relying upon the professionally cheerful statements of prominent New York lawyers, was inclined to consider the Federal suit a sort of political "bluff" or grand-stand play on the part of the President, but quickly changed its mind and tactics when the Circuit Court of Appeals unanimously decided in favor of the Government. The decision had an instantaneous, depressing influence upon security values, and was, no doubt, one of the chief causes underlying the phenomenal depreciation in prices on the New York stock exchange since the early part of 1903.

Will a finding in the tribunal of last resort adverse to the company lead to a complete destruction of the results of recent consolidations? By no means. Even if the Northwestern merger should be declared illegal, means would unquestionably be found to preserve it in some other form or character. Vested private rights will be well taken care of. If all recent consolidations were to be abandoned or disintegrated, it would create utter chaos in the affairs and securities of such great systems as the New York Central and Pennsylvania. The courts of the land may be relied upon to do nothing dangerously *sans-culottish*, or calculated to put out of joint the entire industrial world for years to come, even if they should think it right to act on the theory that the ancient principle of the English common law embodied in the maxim, "*nullum tempus occurrit regi*" cannot be regarded as utterly inapplicable to the political and economic conditions and tendencies in this vigorous, onward-hastening country of ours.

An Important Forthcoming Decision of the Supreme Court

By Francis A. House

WITHIN the very near future the United States Supreme Court will hand down its decision in the Northern Securities case. Among railroad financiers and the investing community in general marked anxiety is manifesting itself, owing to the bewildering multifariousness of Wall street's conjectures and predictions as to the decision's probable effects on the transportation business and security markets in the event of its proving adverse to the contentions of the defendants—the railroad company in the case. That an upholding of the opinion rendered about a year ago by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Eighth Judicial Circuit will grievously disappoint and disconcert that class of financial magnates which has, for several years, advocated and put in practice the new-fangled gospel of consolidation is something that admits of no doubt. It is, however, not to be assumed at once that an annulment of the merger in the Northwest would create a topsy-turvy state of affairs and play ducks and drakes with the legal and equitable rights of security-holders.

The Northern Securities case involves most important legal and economic principles. It vitally concerns itself not alone with the rights of particular individuals, but likewise with those of the entire Nation. It is, in every sense of the words, a *cause celebre*, marking an industrial epoch and emphasizing an evolution, the true bearing and significance of which we are still vainly trying to determine.

When Messrs. James J. Hill and J. P. Morgan organized the Northern Securities Company, their

chief aim was to restore equilibrium in the railroad world of the West and Northwest, and harmony among the then bitterly contending factions of tumultuous Wall street. The desperate struggle for the control of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, participated in by the Northern Pacific and Great Northern (Morgan-Hill), and the Union Pacific-Southern-Pacific (Gould-Harriman-Rockefeller) properties, had, on the 9th of May, 1901, culminated in a perpendicular rise in Northern Pacific common shares from \$125 to \$1,000, and a terrific slaughter of values for all other representative railroad shares.

When all the possible mischief had been done and due inventory of assets been made up, it was found that control of the Burlington was about equally divided. This, of course, created a perplexing and portentous *impasse*, an indefinite prolongation of which would have led to a premature upsetting of all the long-cherished plans of Messrs. Hill and Morgan. Conciliatory conferences were, therefore arranged for; ways and means were discussed; plans were laid; proposals and counter-proposals were made; brilliant juriconsults were asked to prepare a safe way out of the embarrassing dilemma, and, finally, announcement was made that the Northern Securities Company would be organized, that it would take over the Burlington and admit the Gould-Harriman-Rockefeller coterie to representation on the board of directors.

The Northern Securities Company was capitalized at \$400,000,000, a goodly portion of this amount representing financial hydraulics, then exceedingly pop-

THE EXILE

By Emilie Ruck de Schell

"RAIGS, bottles a'd ole ia-a, raigs!" The harsh, strident call rang clear and strong on the afternoon air. Old Rachel dropped her knitting, a flutter of excitement stirring her heart. Two long weeks she had been listening for that cry, and now that it had come the voice was that of a stranger.

What did it mean? Where was little Iky, with his song-call, sweeter to her poor old ears than matin psalm or choir chant? What had become of Aaron, raucous of voice, who she herself had established in business. Vainly she had watched the alley behind her spacious home. Why had the rag carts ceased to come that way?

There was nothing for her to do in the magnificent home her sons had reared. Hirelings ministered to her children's wants. To her a little knitting or embroidery was permitted; and oh, how she loathed it all! Yet she had learned, in the years of her toil and privation, how futile it is to cry out against the established order of things.

Her sons were prosperous merchants whose fingers glittered with diamonds large as hailstones. Her daughters adorned the best Hebrew society and did credit to their satins. Assuredly their old mother should not humiliate them by reminding them and others of the cruel days of their childhood. She had everything the flesh could desire. Why was she not content?

Again that cry, "Raigs, bottles a'd old ia-a, raigs!" sounded far down the alley. Rachel arose and tiptoed to the back window of her room. Softly she turned the ivory blinds and peered out. There was no one in sight. The man must have stopped at the alley gate of some mansion farther down the street, to barter with a servant for a few bottles or discarded clothes. Would he turn after he had made his purchase, and go the other way? Tears sprang to the old woman's eyes. She longed to tear off the velvet house gown, the lace mitts that did their best to hide her hard, misshapen hands, the cap of ribbon and lace that covered her scant gray locks. Her soul was filled with a wild yearning to pursue the filthy cart with its unwashed, unkempt driver. He would take her to her friends—friends against whom the doors of her home were forever barred.

To them she had gone, a blooming young woman, when Death had stricken down the strong prop of her home. They had watched over her brood of little ones, while she, clad in rags that ill concealed her comeliness, had wandered from alley to alley, a bag of coppers in her pocket and a stout sack over her shoulder. Jehovah, who watches over the fatherless, had prospered her, and in time a donkey and cart had to be procured. It wrung her soul to part with the shining yellow coins, the price of the new outfit; but her children were growing and must be put to school. Again the Lord had prospered her, and she sent out numerous carts, each one bringing to her at nightfall its precious freight. With her own hands she had sorted out the cotton and woolen rags, the bottles and fragments of iron, the garments that with a little mending would be sold to the second-hand clothing dealer.

Then another change had come. Her sons had grown to manhood almost before she realized it, and prosperity had run with open arms to meet them.

At first the cook, Myra, with a few extra coppers in her pocket, had connived at clandestine meetings at the alley gate, or stolen visits in Iky's cart to the far-away Little Jerusalem. But young Gabriel's gold coins were more persuasive than old Rachel's pennies, and so the lonely exile had been driven to content herself with listening daily for the well-known cry—the slender plank that spanned the gulf between her and the past.

Now for two weeks no ragpicker's cart had invaded the neighborhood of her home. Strain her keen ears as she would, no call was borne even from the neighboring alleys. Had Gabriel forbidden her friends to come near his house? Had he perhaps even done violence to them?

Tortured with fear and yearning, she waited and listened. Then a greater fear clutched at her heart, and a reckless longing for liberty dashed to earth the walls of prudence and self-control that she had reared about herself.

As the cart clattered over the alley stones she turned, and, with trembling limbs and palpitating heart, fled down the back stairs and out across the bit of lawn, uttering a low, gurgling cry, whereat the ragpicker started and brought his horse up with a sudden jerk. Who in this fashionable neighborhood possessed that call?

To his amazement, a little stooped woman in lace cap and velvet gown stood in the gateway, beckoning to him. In Yiddish such as he had not heard since he left his mother's knee she greeted him, demanded his name and news of her friends.

A pestilence had broken out among the ragpickers, he told her—a dread disease that carried them away like chaff before the flail. Iky's mother had already perished, and now the poor boy lay tossing in wild delirium, with no one to give him so much as a cup of cold water.

Suddenly Rachel straightened herself to her full height and all the servile resignation was gone from her haughty old face.

"I will go back to mine own people," she cried.

"These be flesh of my flesh and blood of my blood, and yet are they strangers to me. Would I had reared them as honest ragpickers. Go thou to the next alley and wait. I will join thee."

A half hour later the ragpicker lifted to the seat of his cart a little old creature wrapped in a dingy black shawl. No lace mitts covered her wrinkled hands. Her feet felt again the austere caress of sabots that had lain for years at the bottom of her chest of sacred things. Under the seat of the cart was a basket filled with food and wine for her suffering people. Rachel thought not, cared not, for the consternation that would fill the cold, handsome house when sons and daughters returned at nightfall to find the mother gone. Her people were in distress and she was going to them.

"Raigs, raigs, got any raigs!" The cry burst from her lips before she could suppress it. A light of ecstasy shone in her faded brown eyes. Oh, this was heaven, heaven itself! The captive was returning to Jerusalem. As the old, beloved call quivered on the air, a well-dressed man on the pavement stopped and stared at the cart. It was Gabriel, and at his side was a handsome woman, a Gentile, who would willingly barter her faith for the Hebrew gold.

"Quick! Down the alley! Don't spare the nag. My son has discovered me. He will take me back," the old woman whispered, full of terror yet unsubdued.

Away they went, through alleys and side streets. No more rags were purchased that day. At dusk the filthy, dilapidated houses of Little Jerusalem were before them. Palaces these, yea, and temples wherein the returned exile could worship forever.

Oh, the joy of ministering to the sick, of listening to their strident patois of German and Hebrew, of mixing cooling drinks for their fevered throats! Two days and nights she toiled among her people, and then the pestilence laid its burning fingers on her heart. There was no one left to minister to her. All were sick or dead. No one resisted when a uniformed officer, with Gabriel at his heels, entered the low door of the hovel.

"Mother, what does this mean? How dare you—"

"Nay, my son, rebuke me not," the parched lips murmured. "I am come out of exile to mine own people. Already the gates of Zion stand ajar and thy father beckons. Return thou to the Babylon of thy love; but for me the years of captivity are consumed."

The Russians in the Far East

By John Foster Fraser

[Author of "The Real Siberia," etc.]

WHATEVER we may say from an æsthetic point of view about the Japanese forsaking their individuality, casting aside their picturesque traditions, and suddenly taking to the imitation of Western ways, we must admire the pluck and indomitable energy with which, in a generation, they have changed from a peep-show race to a strong power to be reckoned with in the government of the world.

On the other hand, it is also natural that we should have little sympathy as a nation with Russia, because in the struggle for authority over the semi-civilized people of the East, our interests have frequently come in conflict and we have by no means always got the best of it. We have a prejudice against Russia socially, politically and territorially. Inclined to democracy ourselves, we imagine that autocracy is de-

grading in these modern times, and we jump to hasty conclusions about the iron heel of autocracy crushing the aspirations of a people very much as the average American believes the average Briton is something not far removed from a serf because he has a monarch as the head of the State.

We have shown a ready disposition to swallow most of the dramatic stories that are occasionally served up to us about horrible cruelties perpetrated in Siberia by Russian officials on the poor men who come within their grasp. The stories may be true, or they may not. My point is that anything that tells against Russia we accept as greedily as our Teutonic friends accepted, during the South African war, all the cock and bull atrocity stories that were manufactured against the British soldiery.

Within the memory of man Russia has, as much

as any other power, extended the boundaries of her empire. She has not always done it straightforwardly. There has been time-serving bribery, chicanery and deliberate lying. A Russian promise is considered not worth the paper it is written on. We, of course, view Russian diplomacy from an English-speaking standpoint, forgetting that the Russians are largely Eastern in their composition, that they have had to deal with Eastern peoples, and that in the East lying is regarded as perfectly justifiable in diplomacy. Anyway, by one means or another, Russia has come into possession of vast tracts of country, partly because she has the ambition of most nations to have a mighty empire, but chiefly because of a desire to reach Eastern waters, where all the year round she may have ports, instead of being cramped to the one harbor of Vladivostok, which is frozen up for several months of the winter. If we look at the matter fairly-mindedly, we will appreciate the irritation which must have long been in the mind of the governing powers of Russia of having practically no outlets to the sea in the East.

Some folks have dubbed me a pro-Russian. I would be very sorry to take that title myself. I have written many severe things against Russia, and no copy of my book, "The Real Siberia," enters the land of the Czar without first of all having a number of pages blacked out by the censor. But while one may resent this smothering of criticism, I hope I am clear visioned enough to understand the good things Russia is doing and has accomplished.

And here, bearing on the present conflict, is an interesting fact. Few people who know Russia and the Russians fail in the end to admire them; and the people who know Japan and the Japanese fail in the end to dislike them. I have rarely met a business man who has intimate commercial relationship with the East who does not speak disparagingly of the tactics of the Japanese in trade, while their neighbors, the much-abused Chinese, are declared to be among the most honest merchants to be encountered.

That Russia and Japan would sooner or later get one another by the throat could not be doubted by any student of Eastern affairs. We must admit that the Japanese have shown wonderful patience, but we all know that she has all along wanted to fight. Russia could afford to play a waiting game; Japan could not, because at the end of the game Russia would have been in a much stronger position and could then have made her own terms.

If you regard dispassionately the grave issues at stake, you will see that both nations have a good deal of right in their case.

The Japanese have a rapidly increasing population. The time has come when there must be an outlet for colonization. The great Western powers, England and the United States among them, have already gobbled up a good deal of the earth's surface. Japan, full of ambition and hope for her future, has naturally been troubled in her soul that semi-civilized countries adjacent to her and suitable for her immigrating people are likely to be closed against her. The issue to her is really one of life or death. If she cannot expand, then her desire to become the strong power of Eastern waters is crippled at the outset. Accordingly, she has looked not only with envious but with resentful eyes upon the occupation of Manchuria and the ultimate annexation of Corea by the Russians. Russia did her a bad turn at the conclusion of the Chino-Japanese war by refusing her the full fruits of her victory. She knows quite well that it is Russia's policy to hamper and to prevent her from becoming the power toward which she is striving.

But there is Russia's point of view, also. She

has Siberia—a country not unlike Canada, and which, were it inhabited by a capable agricultural population, would soon become a great food producing tract. That portion of Siberia which abuts on the Pacific is, for nearly half the year, ice-bound. And it is impossible for any country to prosper in trade when for half the year it is closed to the outer world. To own Manchuria and Corea would give her a warm water outlet, providing harbors not only for an all-the-year-round commerce, but also stations for her fleet in case of war.

If you argue from the standpoint that it is wrong

The Classics

By Lionel Johnson

FAIN to know the golden things, fain to grow wise,

Fain to achieve the secret of fair souls:
His thoughts, scarce other lore need solemnize,
Whom Virgil calms, whom Sophocles controls:

Whose conscience Æschylus, a warrior voice,
Enchanted hath with majesties of doom;
Whose melancholy mood can best rejoice,
When Horace sings, and roses bower the tomb:

Who, following Cæsar unto death, discerns
What bitter cause was Rome's to mourn that day:
With austere Tacitus for master, learns
The look of empire in its proud decay:

Whom dread Lucretius of the mighty line
Hath awed, but not borne down: who loves the flame,
That leaped within Catullus the divine,
His glory, and his beauty, and his shame:

Who dreams with Plato and, transcending dreams,
Mounts to the perfect City of true God:
Who hails its marvellous and haunting gleams,
Treading the steady air, as Plato trod:

Who with Thucydides pursues the way,
Feeling the heart-beats of the ages gone:
Till fall the clouds upon the Attic day,
And Syracuse draws tears for Marathon:

To whom these golden things best give delight:
The music of most sad Simonides;
Propertius' ardent graces; and the might
Of Pindar chaunting by the olive trees:

Livy, and Roman consuls purple swathed;
Plutarch, and heroes of the ancient earth:
And Aristophanes, whose laughter scathed
The souls of fools, and pealed in lyric mirth:

Æolian rose-leaves blown from Sappho's isle;
Secular glories of Lycean thought:
Sallies of Lucian, bidding wisdom smile;
Angers of Juvenal, divinely wrought;:

Pleasant, and elegant, and garrulous,
Pliny: crowned Marcus, wistful and still strong:
Sicilian seas and their Theocritus,
Pastoral singer of the last Greek song:

Herodotus, all simple and all wise:
Demosthenes, a lightning flame of scorn:
The surge of Cicero, that never dies:
And Homer, grand against the ancient morn.

for any great power to annex semi-civilized and comparatively unproductive countries, there is not a word to be said in defense of Russia having seized Manchuria and proposing to seize Corea. Unfortunately, it is impossible to view the world from this high moral standpoint. Other nations have taken unceremonious possession of various parts of the world. When, however, you regard the matter in a broad spirit, it cannot be denied that those places—where Great Britain or the United States have planted their flags and set up their rule—have benefited as a result. Russian rule is, of course, not English-speaking rule. But, admitting all this, nobody who has come in contact with what Russia is accomplishing in her trans-Caspian provinces, and in Manchuria, can ignore the undoubted fact that both these countries have benefited materially as a consequence.

I don't know anybody, outside of Downing Street, who has ever believed in the long-promised evacuation of Manchuria by Russia any more than any one believed in the evacuation of Egypt by Great Britain. Ten years ago Manchuria was little other than a waste, inhabited by dirty hordes of Manchus living in a constant state of terror of being raided and their crops destroyed by the Chungchus—predatory bands of robbers—to suppress whom was Russia's first reason for occupying Manchuria. What is Manchuria to-day? Port Arthur has become a great and important naval station. Not far away is Talien-wan, or Dalny, as the Russians call it—a city of mushroom growth, but already with wide thoroughfares, huge commercial houses, banks, churches, and the prospect of becoming another Shanghai. Every week many steamers have been going there, and merchandise of all sorts is poured into the interior. A railway line stretches northward past Mukden to Harbin, which is the junction of the line from Vladivostok, and then away in a northerly direction the railway runs to near Tsitihar, over the Hingan mountains to Hilar in Mongolia, until it meets the Trans-Siberian Line in Trans-Baikal, not far from Chita.

I have been across that line. One cannot become enthusiastic about it in an engineering sense. Most of it is nothing more than a construction line, wobbly and uneven, alongside which a permanent way is being built. Millions have been spent, not only upon the construction of the line—primarily intended for the conveyance of troops—but on the construction of towns and villages. Thousands of Russian immigrants pour into Manchuria every month, and, although many of them are adventurers seeking for gold, the parallel that came into my mind was certain stretches of Western America in which there is a boom, and toward which people and money flow without stint.

Ten years ago there was not a single Russian at Harbin. If you go there to-day you will find a large, flourishing town of 40,000 Russian inhabitants. All along the line villages are springing into existence and a hustling trade is in progress. As I have said, Russian ways are not our ways. Yet no impartial observer can go through Manchuria without realizing—however much you criticise the occupancy of the land by Russia from high moral standpoints—that Manchuria is having a commercial future opened up to it which it would not have had were the country left to the Manchus. I don't say Manchuria would not have been better and the general world reaped more advantage in trade had Japan become the occupant. But that is a point on which the Russians have, naturally, divergent views from the rest of the world. We cannot wonder that, when they look about them and see what they have accomplished toward the civilization of the country, they should not wish to hand over its control either to China or Japan. Per-

haps the Russians have no rights there at all. But they are there; no one opposed their going there, and no one proposed that they should leave until their investment on labor and capital had made it impossible, from their point of view, to get out. Would

any other nation, under the same circumstances, make way at the demand of another power which had done nothing to develop the country, but which nevertheless claimed an equal share of the rewards and profits of this development?

The Tempter Could Not Tempt Him

[The following article appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* of October 18, 1903, with this explanation: "The *Tribune* today publishes the fourth article of a series of political reminiscences based on real events and throwing much light on political methods. Many readers will be able to fathom the real names in some of the occurrences related." It is literally true in almost every detail. The time was the summer of 1895; the State was Illinois; the capital was Springfield; "the city" was Chicago; the "Empire" building was the "Unity" building; the vetoed bill was known at the time as the "eternal monopoly bills;" the briber was a Chicago lawyer of high standing; the Governor was John P. Altgeld.]

IN all my recollection I can recall just one man who cannot afford to admit, without cheapening his own character, that he was subjected to a downright temptation—but he didn't admit it! And when the story leaked out after his death, there wasn't a man in the State who didn't take off his hat to the moral stamina that the Governor had shown. That little incident made the eulogies of the pulpits and the newspapers look cheap.

It happened while you were kicking a pigskin at Princeton. There never was a better campaign than the one in which Uncle Cal. Peavey knocked out the machine and landed in the governor's chair. It made a bigger rumpus than a fox in a henhouse, and there was a mighty shaking of dry bones in the fat places on the pay roll.

Almost the whole press of the State was against him and he was hounded as an anarchist, a calamity howler, and a general enemy to society, capital, vested rights and a whole lot of other sacred and civilized things. But Cal kept his nerve and continued to talk right out in meeting. The harder they pounded the more he showed his teeth and stuck out his bristles.

That was the winter before the United Traction's franchises expired, and a new charter was simply a ground-hog case.

Times were tighter than a February freeze. Every cent that the Governor had made in a series of nervy speculations in city real estate had been put into the big Empire building before the hard times set in. Tenants were scarcer than rats, rents fell like snowflakes, and the old man was in the hole for twice what he was worth, with big payments coming due in the course of the winter. He didn't know which way to turn, as the money market froze tighter and tighter, and it was a certainty that he stood to lose the fortune he had made in years of hard hustling, unless some unexpected stroke of Providence should come to his relief.

But he was made of stern stuff and never gave out a whimper, although he couldn't keep his condition from the wise ones on the street.

Just as he was driving ahead to the last ditch in his private affairs the United Traction was making hay at the session. The Governor wasn't the only man in politics that winter who had been caught in the financial squeeze. Plenty of legislators were worrying over mortgages and investments—a fact that didn't escape the attention of the traction company's agents.

Although the Governor and his forces put up a strong and crafty fight against the bill, the franchise

measure passed both houses by a big majority—and the men who held mortgages on the assets of the members concerned stopped worrying about payments.

Then the calcium light was suddenly shifted to the executive mansion, and the question in every mouth was "What will the Governor do?" The situation was strained up to concert pitch and there were all sorts of speculation as to the course which Uncle Cal would pursue. Generally, however, it was agreed that there were enough votes to pass the bill over his veto, and that probably, as a sensible man who knew enough to know when he was licked, he would let the measure become a law without his signature. This was considered the proper manner for a governor to surrender under protest when there was not enough votes at his command to sustain his veto.

A day or two after the bill had gone up to the Governor one of the smoothest mechanics in the fine art of "fixing" ever on the confidential pay roll of the traction company dropped in at the office of the Empire building for a little chat with Mike Boylan, the Governor's business partner and general handy man.

Now Mike had knocked about town a good deal, been up as late as midnight several times, and was fairly acquainted with the landscape in the neighborhood of the city hall; but for all that he didn't really know that his caller was a scout of the traction company. In other words, the fellow was the man for the hour; he had just enough reputation to arouse in Mike's mind a suspicion of his connection with the company and save awkward explanations. On the other hand, he had not made himself common so that his name was known to the members of the gang generally. In short, he was an artist and accepted about one commission in four or five years, but made that one something handsome.

"Mike," he finally said, after they had chatted awhile, "if you're not too busy, I'd like you to do me a little favor."

"Certainly," responded Mike.

"I'd like you to introduce me to the man in charge of the safety deposit vaults of your building here. I want to get the right sort of accommodations, and if you take me in tow it will insure me proper attention from the general in command down there in the basement."

"Sure, I'll fix that," said Mike, taking his hat and wondering if it really were true that his caller was mixed up with the traction people, as he had heard.

They were starting away from the largest wall safe, or "box," when the new patron of the institution called Mike into one of the private stalls. On the table were two good fat telescopes. Up to that time Mike had been merely an interested spectator; but this move gave him a jolt. Could it be that the fellow had trapped him into a position that might be made to reflect on the Governor if it should ever get out?

Mike's conscience had been trained in the kindergarten of the street paving contract business and never swung a danger signal short of the question,

"Will it get out?" Nothing but that possibility presented a moral problem to him. The next semaphore which was swung by his acute spiritual sensibilities operated on the question of whether or not a certain course would bring him under the heel of the law.

"If this chap makes a straight proposition," reasoned Mike, as his companion was unstrapping the telescopes, "and it should ever get to the Governor's ears it'll be all day with me. He'll raise my scalp."

"I hope you'll not think I'm suspicious of the boys down here," said the caller, "but I'm taking care of a whole lot of cash for a pool I'm interested in; the fellows who are with me are afraid of banks in these times and insist on planting our funds in a safe deposit vault. That puts the whole thing on my shoulders, and it occurred to me that it would be a safe precaution to ask you to come down here and check up with me the amount I'm planting—it won't take but a minute."

"You chaps going to make books on the races?" laughed Mike.

His answer was a knowing wink and Mike heaved a sigh of relief at the thought that he was out of a disagreeable scrape in which a quarrel with the Governor was almost a moral certainty—and Mike was more afraid of old Cal. than of any other being in the whole universe. In fact the Governor had become a sort of god to Mike, although Cal. didn't know it himself.

Half the packages were in thousand-dollar bills and the rest in five hundreds, so it was an easy job to check them up, according to the figures on the paper bands pinned about the packages. Mike's eyes fairly stood out of his head as he looked from the figures on his tab to the currency on the table. One million dollars! He had never seen that much money in one heap before in his life, and his nimble, acquisitive mind began right away to figure out the things that could be done with that money. It almost stupefied him and he made no objection when asked to help stack it away in the big wall safe.

Then they went upstairs and the caller suddenly remembered that he had left his umbrella in Mike's private office. He got it, and started for the door, then stopped and began to draw on his gloves. Mike had not yet come out of his trance. He was still saying to himself: "A million dollars."

"You're satisfied as to the amount in the vault?" casually inquired the caller.

"Yes," absently responded Mike, writing the figures on the desk blotter.

Suddenly the keys to the big deposit drawer fell on the desk in front of him and he heard the words: "Well—you know what to do with these!"

For a second he stared hard at them. Then he grabbed them up and made a plunge for the door and out into the hall. But his smooth caller had gone down the stairs to the floor below, taken the elevator which served the side entrance to the building and was gone!

From that time until Friday afternoon, when the Governor came to the city to give two or three days to his private affairs, Mike scoured the town for a trace of the man who had dumped a million of dollars of bribe money into his hands. And in that time he felt more stings of conscience than he had ever known in all his life before. He was the worst scared man in the city, and it seemed to him he'd rather jump into the crater of a volcano than face the wrath of the Governor. Or could it be that under the certainty of complete financial ruin the old man was facing he might possibly weaken? And why shouldn't he take the money? He would be doing nothing for it—not so much as signing his name! Hadn't the Governor fought the bill tooth and nail? And wouldn't

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his failure to sign it be a protest against it? This was just what the party and the State expected him to do, then why shouldn't he keep the money that had been thrown at him—and without a possible tracer attached?

But even Mike's moral obtuseness was not so great that he didn't recoil from the possibility that the Governor might look at the matter in this way. If it should be so he would know that there wasn't a man on earth who couldn't be reached if all the circumstances were right.

When the Governor came in Mike was looking uncommonly pale, but the old man was too preoccupied to notice it. His grizzled face was as haggard as if he had just got up from a run of fever, and his eyes shone with a grim, unnatural brightness.

He slumped into a big leather chair and, in a shaky voice, said:

"Mike, it's all up! I stopped in at the trust company's office on my way from the station, and they say we can't have any more. Then I went over to the other place and thrashed it out with fellows we hoped might come into the thing as a last resort. But they're scared, and nothing can move 'em to furnish the funds."

He choked for a minute, but finally continued:

"But there's one consolation. The property's worth the money, and no one'll lose a dollar. And there'll be no scandal attached. Thank God, I never wronged a man out of a cent that I know of, but it's kind of tough to see the work of years swept away in a second! And then there's the little woman at home—that's the hardest part of it!"

Then Mike knew that it was up to him to make a clean breast of the safe deposit business—and he did it, too.

The eyes of the old man seemed to bore Mike right through as the story came out in a shaky voice. For a minute or two the old Governor sat with his chin resting in his hands, the muscles of his face twitching like a spider's legs.

But it was all over in a minute. Slowly rising to his feet, the old man pointed his long bony finger at Mike, and, in a voice that had the grit of iron in it, he said:

"Young man! I'd advise you to take better care of that damned scoundrel's money than you ever did of any money in your life."

That night the Governor wrote a veto message on the traction bill that fairly scorched the rails of the line. Then he called in the real scrappers in his po-

litical camp and began a fight against foregone defeat that ripped up the whole State and made history. He didn't stop at anything that came under the head of things "fair in love and war." Before the fight was finished he was forced practically to kidnap two or three weak-kneed members of the opposition and take them out of the State. And there were a few others that had to be given a close range view of the penitentiary before they experienced a change of heart. But when the vote on the veto was taken the old Governor won out by three votes—and he celebrated the triumph by surrendering to his creditors and backers all the property that he had accumulated in 50 years of harder work than a stone-breaker ever put in.

In less than three years from then I acted as a pall-bearer at Calvin Peavey's funeral and joined in a subscription to buy the widow a home.

That's the sort of a moral backbone that is entitled to flowers, according to my notion. And there isn't much of anything short of that brand that is. When I go into hero worship I'm going to cap my shrine with a bust of honest old Cal.



Return of the Wanderer

AFTER he had unlocked the door Berthold went straight up the stairs to his wife's room. Its door was pushed to, but he opened it and went in.

The room looked familiar and unchanged. The great toilet-table was covered with her gold-crested ivories, on the divan tossed the usual distracting heap of silk ruffles and lace; across a chair-back hung a blue satin creation of Leoty's, its long silk ribbons trailing to the floor. Small bottles were kicked toward the space at one side, and open-work stockings of delicate silk writhed toward them. As his eyes wandered from one article to another, he felt his breath choking him. He could remember nights without end when they had elected against the presence of the maid, and consequently the room had been left in just this state. His forehead dampened as he thought; but then, close upon these souvenirs, came another—the memory of the last time that he had ever been in this room, and of his wife, as she had stood before him—regal in her Nile green satin—and shrugged her white shoulders at the impotence of his fury, even as he was reproaching her for the presence of One at their dinner-table that night. What a storm-swept conversation had ensued, and what an ending had been there!

He had gone downstairs and out of his own house at one in the morning, and traveled over sea and land

without halt or rest for two mortal years, until his anger had worn thin; and now he had come back—come home, without word, without warning to kneel at her feet, to catch her hands, to hold her close, to ask her pardon, to beg her for the treasure of her love, and—to begin to live once more.

He had taken off his hat and coat and left them in the hall below (where they would certainly give the butler a terrible fright in the morning) and now he tried in vain to realize that he was absolutely standing in *his wife's room*, waiting for *her* to come in—for the brightly burning candles announced her speedy and certain re-entrance—and—it had been two years—two years!

The door to the room that had been his was closed; there was a bath off of the tiny passage between, and at the instant the bird-like, lulling, night-warble of his wife's low laughter sounded from there, and—as the sound contracted his heart—he remembered how often he had heard it as she made her toilet in there, alone with her maid—that soft and liquid ringing that was to her day-time mirth as the moonbeams to the sun-rays. Then the door was thrust open, and She appeared, radiant as ever, her bare feet thrust into blue sandals, her whole self charming in blue muslin with dainty, hand-worked ruffles of French embroidery, her arms almost hidden in the wealth of flounces that were tied with great bows at her elbows.

But she saw him, and her arms were that instant bared wholly by the gesture which flung them wide apart—a gesture of wildest surprise (or of fright). Her eyes started, and she fell back a step in the passage.

He sprang toward her, his own arms outstretched, and then of a sudden—of a horrible, sickening sudden—he saw, in the dim light of the room that had been his, a man—a man, upright, and facing him!

He spoke at last. She was still staring as if turned to stone, and the man stood behind her as if he, too, had been petrified in this crisis of their lives.

"Who—?"

He would perhaps have said more, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he might only point—point beyond there.

She—always white, always staring—turned then very slowly, and as she looked toward the room behind, some cruel tension on her spirit seemed suddenly to relax.

She fell at his feet, binding his knees close in her arms, while her tears were as rain.

"Oh, Claude! my love, my own! Don't look like that! What you see is your own self in the mirror! Take me in your arms and kiss me! Oh, it has been so long—I have wanted you so much! I have been so unutterably lonely!"

From Town Topics.

THE COTTON QUEEN

And now comes the cotton queen. There are Sullys and Browns and Prices, there are kings and kings, but there is only one queen, and her name is Giles. Miss Kate Giles, if you please. She is pretty, too, which makes it all the more interesting. So, before going any further, we shall describe the new cotton queen, to whom all the squabbling kings are glad to bow for information, says the *Baltimore American*.

She has golden hair and big gray eyes and a cotton-boll and tea-rose complexion, and altogether it is not wonderful that the great cotton brokers seek her out to talk about the cotton crops. By means of a simple yet comprehensive system of correspondence Miss Giles keeps a nervous finger on the ever-changing pulse of the cotton crops in all the eleven cotton growing States.

Twice a month she reduces to order the chaotic mass of information that comes flooding back to her, and issues her report on the extent of the cotton crop in advance of the government report. It is the promptness and wonderful accuracy of her forecasts that make them of such value to those who play the dangerous cotton game.

While others are waiting anxiously for the government estimate, those who get their information from Miss Giles are buying or selling, as the situation was shown by her warrants, and fortifying themselves for the movement that the announcement of the government is likely to produce.

Once a month she gleans from her statistics the quality of the crops and announces the result a day ahead of the Bureau of Agriculture. The next twenty-four hours are unquiet ones for Miss Giles, especially the five minutes before noon of the third of each month, at which time the official estimate is passed by the Stock Exchange.

Five minutes before the fateful moment on these days she slips into the balcony and stands there alone and trembling until the verification of her figures brings relief to her tense nerves.

The knowledge that "K. M. Giles" is a woman will come as a great surprise to hundreds of the correspondents who have been filling out her reply postal cards for years. All but three of them believe she is a man. These three, knowing her sex, have been among those who have lent her a helping hand. When the cotton pods begin to burst these three men, who live in widely different sections, send carefully collected samples to Miss Giles, and it is largely through these specimens which she receives all through the cotton gathering season that she is able to judge so accurately of the quality of the crop.

Every European child can answer the question, "What is your name?" without hesitation unless he is dumb, but the Japanese boy must think a little to make sure, for at various periods of his life he is called by different names. He receives his first when he is just a month old. Then three different names are written on three slips of paper and thrown into the air in the temple while prayers are addressed to the family

deity. That which falls first to the ground bears the name the child is called till he is three years old. At fifteen the Japanese boy receives a new name in honor of his coming of age. His name is changed again on the occasion of his marriage, and on any advance in his position.

IT PLEASES JOHN

John D. Rockefeller makes it a custom to address his servants at morning and evening prayers. One of the maids was asked by a friend if she appreciated the discourses.

"I never thought of that," she replied. And then she added: "I only looks at the old man, and I thinks to myself: You poor dear gentleman, how you are enjoying yourself."—*New York Press*.

Archbishop Ryan was once called upon by a priest who said his health required that he take a vacation. The priest's frequent absences from his parish were notorious, so the archbishop said to him: "My dear Father Soandso, if you need a change of air I would suggest that you try the air of your own parish for a month or two." At an-

THE WORLD'S FAIR WILL OPEN APRIL 30th.

THE Great World's Fair Number OF THE MIRROR Will Be Issued May 5th.

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THE MIRROR.

other time the archbishop rebuked a priest for wearing a disreputable looking silk hat. "But I would not give up that hat for twenty new ones," said the priest. "It belongs to my father, who fell in the rising of '48." "Ah," was the archbishop's retort, "and evidently he fell on the hat."

HISTORIC BIT OF CREPE

A day or two before the funeral of Senator Hanna Postmaster Emerson, of Cleveland, received by mail from C. J. Johnson, of Greenville, Tex., a small piece of crepe which had been worn on several notable occasions. It is a part of the first that came out in the army of the Potomac and was worn at the funerals of Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, Logan and several minor celebrities. The knot in the crepe has never been untied. Postmaster Emerson wore it at the Hanna funeral and then sent it back to its owner in Texas.

During a feast which he gave not long ago the Emperor of Korea had the misfortune to break a tooth. His august majesty at once threw the chief cook and all the latter's assistants into pris-

on. A dentist who was touring the hermit kingdom heard of the trouble and gave relief to the royal sufferer and was paid 1,000 yen (about \$500), for his services. Then the imprisoned kitchen force was set at liberty, but the chief cook was sentenced to serve three months without pay. The emperor ordered another feast to celebrate the fact that the imperial jaw no longer ached.

"At last, my angel," said the happy man in the new clothes after he had settled with the minister, "we are really and truly one—one forever."

"Theoretically, yes," rejoined the blushing bride, "but from a practical standpoint it will be advisable to continue ordering dinner for two."

She—And you don't think there is a chance in the world of our living through our lives without a quarrel?

He—There is always a fighting chance, dear.

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**NEW BOOKS**

"Juniper Hall;" a story of the Rendezvous in England of certain illustrious personages during the French revolution, by Constance Hill, is a new volume from the press of John Lane of New York. In a beautiful part of Surrey, England, there stands a house, known as Juniper Hall, where, while the Reign of Terror devastated France and Paris, there met together a group of singularly interesting persons, both English and French. This little society consisted chiefly of French emigrants of the Constitutional party, who had fled to England to escape the guillotine, after a vain attempt to avert from their sovereigns the awful fate that subsequently befell them. Chief amongst them are the names, famous in literature and statesmanship, of Mme. de Stael, Talleyrand, Narbonne, Malouet, Montmorency, Jaucourt, Lally-Tollendal, the Princesse d'Henin, Mme. de Broglie, Mme. de la Chatre, Girardin, Fanny Burney and Gen. D'Arblay. Miss Hill has drawn the materials for her charming account of the intercourse under such stirring circumstances, of these brilliant intellects, from a variety of sources. Fanny Burney, afterwards Mme. D'Arblay, has recorded much pertaining to it in her "Diary and Letters," and in her "Memoir of Dr. Burney;" and much of the "Memoires de Malouet" and of Mme. de Stael's "Considerations sur la Revolution Francaise" is devoted to the same topic. Those who remember Miss Hill's pleasant book, published about a year ago, entitled "Jane Austen; her Home and her Friends," will know that in her new

volume they can look with certainty for another delightful revival of the life and thought of a past day. The same artist, Miss Ellen G. Hill, has adorned the volume with her artistic drawings of the scenes figuring in the narrative sketches of the notable sites in the neighborhood of Juniper Hall. Portraits of the distinguished emigrants, sought out from Paris, Versailles, and elsewhere, are reproduced in photogravure; the portraits of Fanny Burney being now published for the first time. The price of the volume is \$5.00 net.

The Reilly & Britton Company, of Chicago, publishers of L. Frank Baum's new book for children, "The Further Adventures of the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman," are not exactly satisfied with the long title, and in the hope of securing one more catchy, appropriate and brief, have offered a prize of \$100, for which any person may compete. The only condition is that if the titles submitted are not considered superior to the one selected they will send a check for twenty-five dollars to the person who sends them a name that comes nearest to filling the bill. It might be added that no matter how long the name the trade and the public soon abbreviate it to suit themselves within a month after the book's publication.

"A Broken Rosary;" a novel, by Edward Peple, has just been issued from the press of John Lane of New York. Mr. Peple has not been heard of before by either the reading or play-going public; but it is the belief of his publisher, John Lane, that the public will greet

him with an extraordinary first welcome. "A Broken Rosary" is a novel which, for strength of dramatic situations, intensity of theme-interest, and ingenuity of plot-construction and of treatment, is believed to be almost unsurpassed in fiction. The play is to be produced in the coming season. The colored drawings are by Scotson Clark, and are notable as being the first attempt to apply the broad style of Nicholson to the illustration of a novel. The price per copy is \$1.50.

**OUR PHYSICAL INEQUALITIES**

The two sides of a person's face are never alike. The eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right ear is also, as a rule, higher than the left. Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes, the largest percentage of defects prevailing among fair-haired people. The smallest interval of sound can be better distinguished with one ear than with both. The nails of two fingers never grow with the same rapidity, that of the middle finger growing the fastest, while that of the thumb grows slowest. In fifty-four cases out of one hundred the left leg is shorter than the right. The bones of an average human male skeleton weigh twenty pounds; those of a woman are six pounds lighter.—*Household Words*.



Towne—Hear what Sniffkins did when the collection plate came 'round to him in church last Sunday? Browne—No. Dropped a button in, I suppose.

Towne—Not even that. He leaned over and whispered: "I paid the pastor's fare in the car yesterday morning. We'll call it square."—*Philadelphia Press*.

**A FATAL DISEASE**

When Senator Burrows was practicing law in Michigan he went one day to a court in a small town. A country lawyer was arguing before an aged and solemn justice of the peace. "Now," said the lawyer, "if it pleases your honor, the defendant says he paid the money to the diseased, but I am goin' to show that the diseased never got the money. He didn't receive one cent, the diseased didn't." "Say," broke in the justice, "what is this man diseased of? Why don't you bring him here?" "Because, Your Honor, he is diseased of death."

**TURNING GRAY**

Tall yarns are told from time to time about people turning gray in a night from fright or excessive nervous tension, or possibly reaction from shock. The only instance of rapid hair bleaching from internal excitement that ever came under my observation was of a youngish man who lost \$5,000 in Wall street on a bad tip. He had pinched for fifteen years to save that money, and when it went in an hour something in his blood corpuscles changed. On Monday his hair was dark brown; on Saturday it was snow white.—*The New York Press*.



When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

SOCIETY

About the only stir made in society just now is by the Lady Managers. But for the arrival of these important dames the town would be duller in a social way than it has ever been before at this time.

Nobody seems to be doing anything. Half the smart people are away, playing golf and tennis at the Florida resorts, or taking a Lenten rest at nearby springs.

There was a time when St. Louis society folks made less of Lent than they are doing just now, and it may be that this is only the calm before the storm—the storm of World's Fair entertaining which must soon begin. But for the bustle and animation created by the Lady Managers and the quiet social campaign inaugurated for them, the society chroniclers would have to close up their columns for further orders.

A reception given on Wednesday by the Colonial Dames for the Lady Managers was one of the foremost entertainments in their behalf. Mrs. Daniel Manning, the president; Mrs. J. M. Holcomb, Mrs. Frederick Hanger, Mrs. Mary Phelps Montgomery and Mrs. John Miller Horton are the ladies on the Board that belong to this order.

Last Saturday afternoon Mrs. Louis Chauvenet gave a tea for her guest, Miss Anna L. Dawes, of Massachusetts, a member of the Board of Lady Managers. Mrs. Manning and Mrs. Montgomery received with the hostess and Miss Dawes.

Some of the smartest functions for the Lady Managers will, however, be postponed till after Easter, when the social season will be ushered in with zest and eclat.

Miss Helen Gilbert's marriage to Mr. Henry French Lodge, will be a Lenten event. Wednesday, March 16, is named as the bridal day. The ceremony will be solemnized at Christ Church Cathedral, to which many hundred invitations have been sent out. A reception will

follow at the homes of Mrs. A. E. Gilbert, at the old Gilbert mansion, in South Ewing avenue, one of the stateliest old landmarks of St. Louis.

Another Lenten wedding is that of Miss Mae Emilie Allen and Mr. Herrick Johnson Gray, which will take place in the evening of March 16. The ceremony will be performed quietly at the home of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Allen, of 5856 Bartmer avenue, but will be followed by a large and handsome reception.

Miss Julia Lowry Porter, daughter of Mrs. Fannie L. Porter, of Atlanta, Ga., is in the city with her mother, who is one of the vice-presidents of the Board of Lady Managers. Miss Porter was the guest of honor at several informal smart entertainments lately.

Capt. and Mrs. Charles Ayres will entertain in honor of their china wedding Friday, April 15. This will be one of the important social events of Easter season. Miss Emily Ayres will assist her mother in dispensing the hospitalities of the evening.

Miss Helen Ramsey, of Washington Terrace, is entertaining Miss Ethel Freeman, a Boston sculptress, who was a classmate of hers at Smith College. Miss Freeman will be one of the attendants at Miss Ramsey's marriage to Dr. Samuel Fowler, of Washington, D. C., which will be a prominent event of early June.

The appointment of Mrs. Perry Bartholow to the dignity of hostess of the Administration Building is a splendid tribute to a gentlewoman, Missouri-born, and daughter of a former governor, who made history for the State. Mrs. Bartholow was Miss Ella Fletcher, a belle of twenty years ago, when belleship was contested by such noted beauties as the late Nellie Hazeltine, Cora Baker, now Mrs. Asby Chouteau, Lily Morrison, now Mrs. Joseph Carr, and other women of their high-grade type of beauty. Among these Ella Fletcher Bartholow was one of the fairest, most distinguished and cultured. Her selection as Hostess of the Administration Building is eminently more valuable to the Fair than the latter could possibly be to the lady. The World's Fair management honored itself by honoring Mrs. Bartholow.

Mrs. Dan Houser's luncheon at the Women's Club last Tuesday afternoon was in honor of Mrs. Daniel Manning and Mrs. Mary Phelps Montgomery, of the Board of Lady Managers. Twenty-four of the representative women of the city were bidden to meet Mrs. Manning.

A "musical" tea was the delightful function Monday afternoon with which Mrs. George E. R. Wagner honored Mrs. W. E. Andrews, board member from Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Greeley have returned to St. Louis from New York and reopened their elegant residence on West Pine boulevard and Spring avenue. Mrs. Greeley, who was a Miss Arnold, of New York, is a charming hostess, and the Greeleys will entertain lavishly during the World's Fair.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Woods, with their daughter, Miss Lucille Woods, are

Scruggs Vanderhoort & Barney

New Spring Woolen Fabrics

Rich black materials in an immense assortment of new weaves and all the well-known staples. Particularly attractive are the new spring shades in Voiles, Etamines, Mohairs and Tweeds. Many exclusive fabrics will be found here different in weight and weave from those obtainable elsewhere.

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FRENCH CHALLIS—500 pieces; more than ever before; in designs, shades and figures to please every taste—at, a yard, 50c and 60c

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Carleton Building,
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F. De DONATO, Prop.

among the St. Louis sojourners at St. Augustine, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus J. Lathrop, of Minneapolis, are at the Southern Hotel, the guests of Mrs. Lathrop's father, Mr. H. C. Townsend.

Mr. and Mrs. William Grayson, Jr., are touring Old Mexico, but will return to St. Louis for the Easter holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Lacey Crawford are at Pass Christian, where they will be joined by Mrs. Florence Longstreth, who returned recently from a visit in Fort Smith, Ark.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Kilpatrick are

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at St. Augustine, Fla. They have with them their daughters, Misses Lois and Elise Kilpatrick.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Kerens are at Okawville Springs for a short stay which will terminate with the Easter holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Loader have given up their house in Lindell boulevard for a few months. Mrs. Loader will go to New York in a few days to visit her daughter, Mrs. Alonzo Zabriskie.

Mrs. H. L. Priest and Miss Priest are among prominent St. Louisans, who are wintering at Miami, Fla.

H. Clay Pierce, who is more of a resident of New York than St. Louis this winter, took a party of friends to Palm Beach in his private car last week. Mr. Pierce is entertaining his guests at the Royal Poinciana.

Miss Seitz has returned home after spending several weeks with her sister, Mrs. William August Bensberg, in Milwaukee, Wis.

Miss Adele Humphrey, who has made her home with Mrs. J. W. Loader the past winter, is now at the Union, where she will be at home to her friends.

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lar transfer corner in town. While waiting for your car, supply yourself at headquarters of finest confections, cakes, rolls and all kinds of bread. Agents for the original Allegetti chocolate creams.

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♦ ♦ ♦

Flannigan—What do we want of Casey for President? His brains are in his fait. Murphy—Yes, but he has the good since to keep them covered with Swope's shoes, and that's enough of a recommendation. I advise you, Mither Flannigan, to patronize Swope's. The store is 311 N. Broadway.

♦ ♦ ♦

What She Did: "And what did you do when the doctor told you you would have to quit wearing a corset and give up sweets?" "I sent for another doctor."—Chicago Record-Herald.

♦ ♦ ♦

Miss Carrye Moore—"She calls him her intended. Are they engaged?" Miss Cutting Hintz—"No, but she intends to marry him."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

DRAMATIC

Maxine Elliott and Clyde Fitch are in a happy combine with "Her Own Way," now filling the Olympic at every performance. The author has gone back to his most fertile mood and crispest vein in this play, and Miss Elliott has come into her own with far greater assets than her wondrous beauty. She is an actress, a real, live actress, for whom praise of loveliness is no longer sole meed. She is the most artistic comedienne we have had here this season, light and airy and effervescent, while retaining all that tender side, which Nat Goodwin knew so well how to bring out, when she was his leading lady. The radiantly beautiful Miss Elliott is placed into an exquisite setting by the author right from the beginning. The children's birthday party with which the piece opens, is like an aromatic cocktail, that starts the appetite in the right direction. All is life and brightness, and by the time Miss Elliott glides into the picture in a dainty gown of fleecy gray, the spectator basks in brilliant sunshine. Now and then this sparkling light in which the play moves along is dimmed by little pathetic touches, just enough to rest the mental eye from too much exhilaration. In all this brilliance there is the shining center of Georgie Carley, a sweet and womanly creature, who goes as naturally through the scenes, as if she were not play-acting, but just being her own delightful self in a real life episode that happens any day.

Nothing more droll was ever put upon the stage than that nursery scene with Donald Gallaher as Philip, the eldest of the little rogues. What a pity this youngster can't be bottled up in a Magnum bottle of Ruinart to keep him from growing, for as he spreads and lengthens, one of the cleverest child actors will be lost to the stage. William Courtleigh, as Sam Coast, the villain of the play, is such a consistent villain, that quite a few in Monday night's fashionable audience started to hiss him off the stage, when he appeared with Miss Elliott to answer the curtain call. Charles Cherry's Lieutenant Coleman is a capital creation, and Eva Vincent's Mrs. Carley was excellently done without resorting to the grotesque. More than worthy of mere mention is Georgia Lawrence's sketch of the lady hair-dresser, a bit of soubrette work that called for decided applause.

In "Her Own Way" Clyde Fitch has gotten far away from his late exaggerations and idiosyncrasies, and given us a play that is very much worth while in every line, every scene, and through every minute of a three-hour evening.

♦

"A Chinese Honeymoon," shifted from the Olympic Theater, where it was seen earlier in the season, to the Century this week, is drawing just as large crowds as it did on its first visit. The company presenting it is clever. Frances Golden, who has stepped into the shoes of Kitty Barry, is proving to everybody's satisfaction that even the inimitable Cockney girl is not inimitable, and can be replaced, as everything else under the sun. Those who have not seen Miss Barry in the former cast, will not be the



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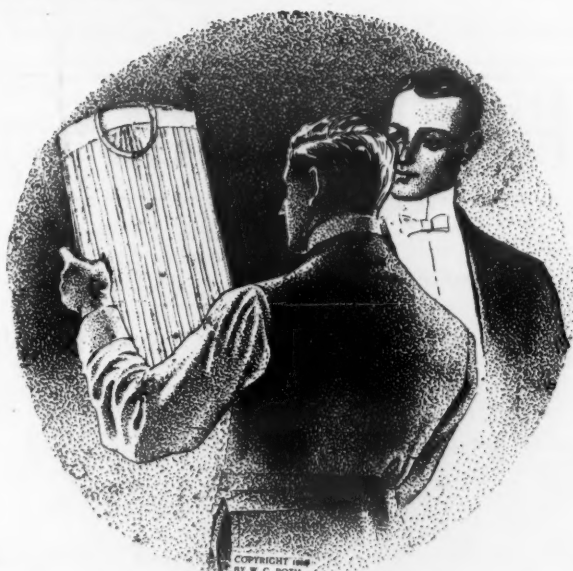
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wiser for the substitution. Miss Golden comes from anywhere, and her success in this part, which has been heralded all over the country as the "Barry Specialty," will make her as great a reputation as it did her predecessor. The production is as gorgeous as ever, and cannot fail to please at the second round.

♦

Friday evening will be inaugurated as a World's Fair night at the Century Theater. The near approach of the exposition will render this occasion particularly interesting. There will be several of the representatives of foreign countries in attendance, and many of the officials of the World's Fair. "A Chinese Honeymoon" will be the attraction, and during the intermission between the first and second acts, the World's Fair March, composed by the author of "Hiawatha," and entitled "A Deed of the Pen," will be played by the entire orchestra. Everybody having a reserved seat on the lower floor will receive a souvenir copy of the music of this march, which is embellished with a beautiful colored poster of the emblem design.

♦

"The Isle of Spice," one of the most

pretentious of Whitney Brothers' attractions, will come to the Century next week. The engagement opens Sunday night, and on Monday night, W. D. Cave, the affable treasurer of the Century, will have his benefit.

"The Bonnie Brier Bush," in which the veteran actor, J. H. Stoddard, is starring, is the attraction at the Grand Opera House this week, and one of the best drawing cards of the season. A year ago this same play was at the Century, and commanded top prices. Now it can be seen at popular prices, by the same excellent company, which surrounded Mr. Stoddard on his former visits. The beautiful Scotch story, by Ian MacLaren, is deftly and ingeniously told in the play, interwoven with delightful comedy and rich with genuine pathos. Those, who have not seen this play before, should not miss it this time. Who knows, but that it may be Mr. Stoddard's last identification with "The Bonnie Brier Bush," whose reputation he has made? Such genuine entertainment from which one goes home with a pleasant taste, does not come too often from the stage to be missed, when the chance offers.

Next week we are to have the old Casino show, "The Runaways," with Arthur Dunn, at the Grand Opera House. The company which will show in it is of the high-grade order that comes direct out of the New York play houses.

To-night at the German Theater of the Odeon will be presented "Die Loewenbraut" (The Lion Bride), a farce in three acts, by G. Schaetzler-Perasini. Laughable to the point of risking one's laugh muscles, Arno Olden, the beneficiary of the evening, figures correctly with the taste of the German patronage of the theater. Germans want to laugh,

and they will get their fill in this farce, which is a mass of complications from which there seems to be no solution until the very last. Arno Olden, the capable character man of the German Stock Company, who has been seen in every possible part of every possible genre with the same unvarying success, will enact the role of *Banker Samster*, a character which suits him nicely, and in which he has full scope for his good talents. For next Sunday night the greatest of this season's novelties, "Ohne Gelaute," (Without Toll of Bells), by Fedor von Zobeltitz, will be presented for the first time. This magnificent drama should draw a banner house to the Odeon. It can be given only with great sacrifices on the part of the management and herculean work by the actors.

There is a "Hot Old Time" at the Imperial Theater this week, which diffuses warmth after the long winter months. Johnny Ray and Eddie Weston are the diffusers with a lot of other good people in the minor characters. It is strange how those familiar old plays draw, particularly when the title is of a kind that is never allowed to die out. "A Hot Old Time" will probably be as attractive to our grandchildren as it is to us, although they may call it by a different name. Manager Russell has some good bookings ahead of him, especially next week's "Hearts of Oaks," which is popular with his patrons. This is a melodrama of the sensational sort with wonderful scenic investitures.

From the burlesque standard, "The New City Sports," which are holding forth at the Standard Theater this week, is good all the way through, and livelier than many a show that has appeared at this house for some time. New lyrics, that are sung and acted by a bright-faced, smartly dressed chorus, are some of the features of the show. There are some older features, seen here before, but even they are burnished up in the general overhauling which the City Sports have been given. Rensetta and Larue, comedy acrobats, are among the best olio performers. Their style of doing acrobatics is new, and moves away from the grotesque to the artistic. The next attraction at the Standard Theater will be the "Knickerbocker Burlesquers."

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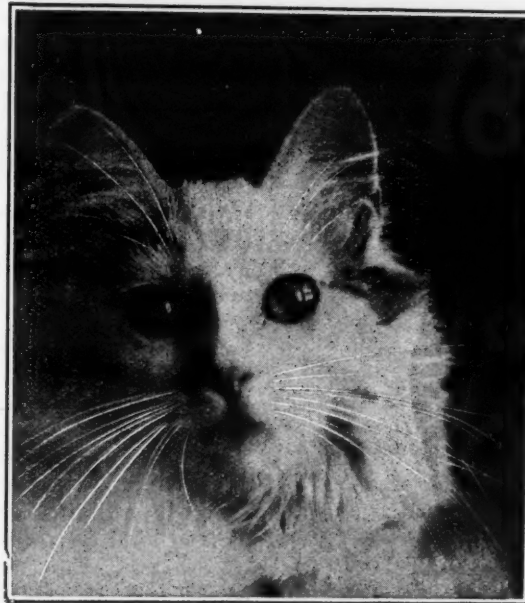
The season at the great National Health and Pleasure Resort is now in full blast. Climate unsurpassed. Hot Springs Special leaves St. Louis daily at 8:20 p. m., making the run in less than twelve hours. Three other fast trains daily. Handsome descriptive literature can be obtained free by calling on, or addressing our City Ticket Agent, S. E. Cor. 6th and Olive Sts., St. Louis.

"Where is that d—d spade, Mary?" asked a man of his wife as he entered the house the other day after a search for the implement. "I'll be d—d if I know," she replied sweetly. The lesson

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went home with such a shock that he raised his hand on the spot and took an oath never to swear again.

Intense: Doctor—"Your wife must keep out of excitement." Mr. Brisque—"She can't, doctor. She carries it around with her."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

How He Lost Her: She—"I suppose if a pretty girl should come along you

wouldn't care anything about me any more." He—"Nonsense, Kate! What do I care for good looks? You suit me all right."—*Ex.*

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POLITICS

IN THE CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICTS.

In the congressional districts of the State there is more activity among the Republicans apparently than the Democrats. Probably this is because most of the present Representatives expect to be renominated without opposition. In the First District it is conceded that Congressman Lloyd has been a worthy representative, and his renomination is assured, and as the district went Democratic by nearly 3,000 majority in 1902, it is extremely doubtful that there is any more significance than a compliment in the report that Mr. A. F. Foulton of Canton would be put forward as the Republican standard bearer. Mr. Foulton and his friends have an idea that the majority might, at least, be reduced, and like Republicans throughout the State are hoping that the Democratic State Convention will break up in a row, and that they will get the benefit of a bolting faction's vote, and thus win out.

Second District Democrats can see or hear no one but Judge W. W. Rucker, of Keytesville, a planet of the first magnitude in the political firmament. The district has almost 5,000 majority, so that Republicans cannot be said to be hopeful of success even should they nominate the popular F. G. Ferris.

There is a turbulent outlook for the Democratic Congressman in the Third, Hon. John Daugherty of Liberty. A decided element is determined Mr. Daugherty shall keep to his much announced and denied promise of being satisfied with one term, and opposition in his party has developed down the line in no less than three of the ten counties. State Representative Othneil B. Hudson of Worth County, J. W. Sullinger of Gentry, T. M. Lovelock of Ray are seeking the Democratic nomination, while E. S. Ward of Clay, and Frank B. Klepper of Caldwell County, are mentioned for the Republican nomination. This district gave a Democratic majority close to 3,000 in 1902, so that a serious party breach over the nomination might cause at least a reduction of this figure. Mr. Daugherty, however, is lucky in this respect, as the Republicans there have a fight on their hands, the Kerens and Akins factions battling for the supremacy.

The Republicans of the Fourth District have not as yet united on a congressional choice, but George C. Crowther of St. Joseph is occasionally mentioned. It was thought Congressman C. F. Cochran, who is a candidate for renomination on the Democratic ticket, would have opposition from C. F. Boogher of Savannah, and State Senator F. M. Wilson of Platte, but they have decided not to run.

James W. Harkless and Walter S. Dickey are the only Republicans seeking to oppose Congressman Cowherd, who will undoubtedly be renominated in the Fifth District, which includes Kansas City and Jackson County.

In the Sixth Congressman De Armond is sure of his renomination, and as he has a 3,500 majority in the district, does not fear defeat. The Republican men-

tioned for the nomination is J. T. Burney of Harrisonville.

It was thought that Congressman Hamlin of Springfield would have no opposition in his own party for a second term. Mr. Meador, who was first named as a pro-Folk sympathizer, declares that he has desire to go to Congress, and will not enter the race, but in the last week a new opponent entered the field in the person of S. A. Hazeltine of Springfield, a man of considerable popularity and ability. The Republicans have two candidates to choose from—Prosecutor D. Brunjes of Warsaw and John Welborn of Lexington. The former is said to have a strong hand in his party affairs.

J. W. Vosholl, State Representative of Linn County, seems to have the united support of the Republicans for the Eighth District nomination against Congressman Dorsey W. Shackelford, who will receive renomination without a doubt.

"Dick" Dalton is the Republican possibility in the Ninth, and so is Prosecutor J. B. Garben of Warrenton, but as far as election goes, Congressman Champ Clark who will undoubtedly be renominated, has what is considered a cinch.

Republican primaries in the Tenth Congressional District, now represented by Congressman Bartholdt, will be held March 18, and much interest is manifested because of the appearance in the field of delegations hostile to Bartholdt. In the First, Nineteenth and Seventh Wards these rival delegations have been filed, and observers are looking to the county leader, Fred Essen, to make it possible to thwart Bartholdt's nomination. It is thought that if Essen can carry the county, those votes, with the delegations from the three St. Louis wards, would be an effective combination. The St. Louis wards in which opposing delegations have been filed, were formerly considered strong Bartholdt wards, and, in fact, the Congressman and his friends still think they will fall in line. No Republican opponent for Congress has appeared to contest with Bartholdt, and no Democrat has yet announced his candidacy in the district.

In the Eleventh Congressman John T. Hunt will probably have either Don M. Summers or Thomas K. Niedringhaus as an opponent, and it may be that Mr. L. F. Parker of the Twenty-sixth Ward will seek the honor on the Republican ticket.

It is doubtful whether James J. Butler will be the Democratic choice in the Eleventh District. He may name a candidate to succeed himself. Republicans have shown no activity in this district, Judge George B. Sidener thus far being the only candidate mentioned.

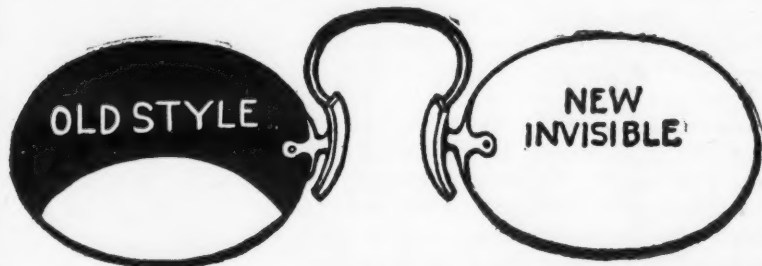
In the Thirteenth Congressman Robb has what looks like opposition. There is talk of Mr. Smith of Farmington, Walter Hensley of Desoto and State Senator Bradley. The only Republicans named thus far are Joseph Williams and Messrs. Abbott and Polito Elvins.

In Congressman W. D. Vandiver's district, the Fourteenth, J. J. Russell and A. H. Douglass are contending for the Democratic honor, while W. G.

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Kitchen of Bloomfield, and W. T. Tyndall of Sparta are the Republicans' favorite sons.

Republicans of the Fifteenth District have united on C. M. Shortel of Neosho as a candidate for Congress. This is Congressman Benton's district, and as there has been considerable bickering among Democrats of this section, the Republicans have hopes of winning. Mr. Shortel is quite popular with all classes in the district. He is an attorney, and possesses considerable literary ability. The district is Democratic, but the majority, since 1900, has been considerably reduced. Benton, without any factional disturbance, defeated Lockatt, the Republican, in 1902, by 1,527 majority. In this campaign he has the opposition of Gilbert Barbee of Joplin, who has a strong following in the district. Efforts have been made to get another Democrat into the race. Attorney General Crow, Pearl Decker of Joplin, and L. L. Scott of Nevada have been spoken of.

In the Sixteenth District there is nothing to the Democratic race but Congressman Lamar, and nothing to the

Republican but Mr. Alonzo P. Murphy.

BARNES FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL.

The Republicans of several counties have determined, if possible, to place Attorney Clarence A. Barnes on the State ticket for Attorney General. Mr. Barnes and his friends have been campaigning for the nomination for months. The young man is a resident of Audrain County, and he and other members of his family have done considerable work for the party in the past.

LEGISLATIVE CANDIDATES.

George W. Humphrey, of Lewiston, has decided to seek a seat in the Senate from district composed of Adair, Macon and Shelby Counties. Ripley County Democrats are anxious to have J. M. Atkinson enter the race for State Senator. During the last session of the Legislature he served as a member of the lower house and acquitted himself creditably. Ex-State Senator Henry L. Pace, who formerly lived at California, Mo., but who is now a citizen of St. James, is a candidate for the lower house of the State Assembly from Phelps County. Other Democratic candidates for Representative are A. W. Johnson and R. J. Johnson, of Chariton, and W. G. Waters of Canton, Lewis County.

AS TO JUMPING OUT OF BED

Wake up slowly!

No matter what has been your habit, begin to-morrow morning and wake up by degrees.

The modern girl lives too much in a hurry, anyway. She hurries out shopping, she hurries through the stores, she hurries home, hurries through her luncheon, hurries out to take her constitutional, hurries back to dress; and, finally, after a long day of hurrying, she hurries to bed, so as to wake up early the next morning.

Everybody wants to wake up early enough, but very few people do it. They sleep a minute too long, jump out of bed, and the mischief is done. You will suffer the effects all day.

The theory of waking up slowly is this: During sleep, the heart beats sluggishly, and all the functions of the body are, in a sense, asleep. The vital organs are resting or as near it as they ever are.

When you wake up in a hurry and jump out of bed, you set the heart to beating rapidly, and you stir up all the vital organs with a suddenness that is a distinct shock to them. They should wake up leisurely.

There are persons who habitually wake up suddenly, jump out of bed and rush into a bath. Frequently the bath will be taken within five minutes after waking up, and the result is not the vigor which one expects to have in the morning, but a languor, a torpor, a feeling as though one had worked hard all day.

When you wake up in the morning it is very important to wake up slowly. As consciousness returns to you lie perfectly still for a while until you are wide awake.

Open your eyes gently, to get accus-

tomed to the light. Open them and close them again. Perhaps you want to doze a little before waking up.

When you do wake up, wake up very leisurely, like a kitten. Have you ever watched a cat wake up?

It will stretch one leg and then another, it will yawn. It will stretch this muscle and that muscle.

It will stretch its back, it will roll over, elongate its neck and roll over again.

And how does a baby wake up? Watch a baby some time and see.

To open its eyes and close them again and rub its fists in them. It tries to roll over; it stretches its arms out, and it stretches its legs.

It wakes up in a very leisurely way. You are not sure it really is awake until it begins to cry, which is a signal that it wants to be taken up.

A good natured baby will wake up and laugh. This is the healthy way of wakening in the morning. If you are healthy, and if you are good natured, you will wake up slowly, stretch and yawn, and begin to laugh. That is the proper way to awaken.

Here are a few wake-up don'ts:

Don't wake up worrying. Banish care from your mind. You have no idea what an important effect the first waking thoughts of your mind exert upon your body during the day.

Don't take your breakfast alone. Even though you may not want to talk, it is a good thing to have cheerful society in the room with you. It will keep you from brooding.

Don't plan things before breakfast. Many women are in the habit of laying out the day and making memoranda before they eat.

Don't think intently before breakfast. Try to keep the mind a perfect blank until you have fed the stomach.

Don't worry before breakfast.

Don't quarrel until you have been awake at least two hours. Quarreling

before the morning meal is a great wrinkle maker.

Don't talk much before breakfast. It tires the voice and taxes the mind.

Try to think pleasant thoughts.

Try to get the mind in a calm, pleasant state.

Try to remember that a calm hour before breakfast makes a calm mind all day.

Try to smile and think of nothing at all. Don't tax the thoughts and don't tax the spirit.

Then there are things you can do as well as things you must not do. One of the most important principles of correct living is that of a bath before breakfast.

Take a bath on rising in the morning. Let it be a tepid bath, just the same temperature as the room, and, to secure this, draw the bath the night before.

For those who can't have a morning plunge, and who are very uncomfortable without it, there is a substitute, massage. Massage stretches the muscles and rests them and gives all the effect of the friction of the bath and the bath towel.

But if you cannot get massage, there is still another resort. Wake up slowly and stretch every muscles of the body. Wake up by degrees, wake up in a leisurely way, wake up, roll over, yawn three times and stretch again.

That is the way to wake up in such a manner that you do not need a bath or massage.

"A good yawn is better than a cold bath, any time," said an instructor in physical culture. "Let me wake up, taking half an hour for the exercise, and let me yawn all I want to yawn, and I will do without the cold bath and without massage."

One of the rules of waking is to exert every muscle of the body alternately, first the arms, then the legs, then all the other muscles. Go through with all the muscular contortions, while you

stretch, and you will find yourself rested thereby.



The man who's dressed as well as any of his business acquaintances, rarely has "that tired feeling". The vim and energy necessary to win success are largely influenced by the consciousness of a good appearance.

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ENGLISH SOCIETY'S GAMBLING

Nowadays, in all its broad features, England is living over again the life of its great-grandfathers. Society lives to gamble, and a considerable section of it gambles to live. The reign of "bridge" is supreme and autocratic. Roulette, baccarat, poker and whist are as though they had never been, and even in the days of their greatest might, their primacy was never anything like so wide or so enslaving as that of their fascinating successor. Society, not the "smart set" merely, but all society, is based on "bridge." It is the universal *pons asinorum*. A literature has grown up upon it comparable almost to the output of books on the Boer war. Professors of "bridge," men and women, titled as well as commoners, are reaping fortunes. It is part of the curriculum of the "finishing schools." It is one of the indispensable qualifications for an up-to-date governess. Without the passport of ability to play "bridge," an Englishman is a social outcast. House parties are arranged simply with a view to "bridge." Dinners are dethroned, and serve merely as an introduction to the cards. "Bridge" engrosses all interests and most conversation. I have known it utterly to spoil week-end shooting parties! I have seen it turn billiard-rooms into deserts; I have heard an M. F. H. denounce it as the ruin of his hunt. At balls and receptions the "sitting-out" room of former days is the "bridge" room of to-day and always crowded. At the clubs, if you are looking for a friend, you go first of all and instinctively to the card-room. And what is true of men's clubs is beginning to be true of women's. The few really fashionable women's clubs have already added card-rooms, and find them immediately becoming the feature of the establishment. The ladies of the Regency stayed indoors all day with the blinds drawn, playing faro. The ladies of King Edward's reign show a devotion not less determined to "bridge," especially on Sundays. I heard of a lunch party the other day that was typical of many. It began at the usual hour of two o'clock and broke up at four a. m. the next morning.—*Sydney Brooks, in Harper's Weekly.*

❖ ❖ ❖
"SO LONG"

With reference to the origin of the familiar expression, "So long," a correspondent of the London *Academy* suggests that it is derived from the Norwegian "Saa Laenge," a common form of farewell, equivalent in meaning to "au revoir," and pronounced like "so long," with the "g" softened. There was a fair number of Norwegians among the settlers in America to judge by names, and it is quite likely the phrase was picked up from them. It is in general use among the Dutch in South Africa.

❖ ❖ ❖
Dorothy—"So Jack kissed you, eh? Did you give him any encouragement?" Julia—"Encouragement! Say, I guess you don't know Jack, do you?"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

❖ ❖ ❖
The woman was doing her shopping. The counter-jumper handed her a package, and she slowly turned away. "Do

I need anything else?" she absent-mindedly asked. "You have just bought some lawn," ventured the clerk; "don't you think you will need some hose?"—*Princeton Tiger.*

❖ ❖ ❖
GERMS PREFERRED

Though they affirm
A deadly germ
Lurks in the sweetest kiss,
Let's hope the day
Is far away
Of antiseptic bliss.
To sterilize
A lady's sighs
Would simply be outrageous—
I'd much prefer
To humor her
And let her be contagious!

—*Atlanta Journal.*

❖ ❖ ❖
Briggs—"There go the Swathers. They are very exclusive, I believe."

Gibbs—"Yes; they travel in a private car, private carriages and private yachts."

Briggs—"I see. Everything about them is private except their lives."—*Life.*

❖ ❖ ❖
Judge Rowndes—"Your face is familiar. I've seen you before." Prisoner—"Yes, your honor, quite often." Judge Rowndes—"Ah! What was the charge

the last time I saw you?" Prisoner—"I think it was fifteen cents, your honor. I mixed a cocktail for you."—*Philadelphia Press.*

❖ ❖ ❖
TINTED GLASSES FOR WOMEN

"Tinted spectacles," said an optician who displays a sign advertising that he makes a specialty of them, "are mainly for women who demand that their beauty, as well as their sight, shall be considered. A light gray or a pale blue eye looks very weak and unattractive through ordinary eye glasses. By slightly tinting the lens we can add very much to the color of the pupil of the eye and to the general attractiveness of the face. The tinting does not at all interfere with the magnifying properties of the glass. In fact, some oculists send us prescriptions for tinted glasses, maintaining that for blue or gray eyes they are far superior to the ordinary crystal glasses. Blue eyes absorb more light than brown eyes, so that any tempering of the sun's rays is sure to be beneficial."—*New York Times.*

❖ ❖ ❖
A Child Thrust: "You never saw my hands as dirty as that," said a mother, reproachfully, to her little eight-year-old girl. "'Cause I never saw you when you were a little girl," was the prompt answer.—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

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FIREPROOF PASSENGER CAR

Taking warning by the terrible accident in the Paris under-ground road, the Interborough Company of New York is building for use in the new subway a large number of steel cars, of which the first has just been delivered. Says the writer of a description in *The Street Railway Journal* (February 13):

"The new car is intended to be absolutely fireproof, and to insure this it has been constructed entirely of metal, transite board and asbestos. No inflammable material whatever enters into the construction of the car body itself. In fact, the seats are the only part of the car, or its furnishings, which are of wood, and it has been determined to replace these by pressed steel frames as soon as they can be provided. The new car differs materially in appearance from the copper-sheathed wooden coaches already built for the subway. It will be remembered that the sides of the latter slope toward the roof, giving them rather an unusual appearance, but in the new car the usual form of construction was followed, as it was found that steel-framing resulted in economy of space so that approximately the same interior width at the floor as in the wooden car could be secured without encroaching upon clearance.

"The steel car is of the same dimensions as the wooden car, has the same capacity, and in general design follows similar lines. The car-framing is unusually heavy, and the body weighs about two tons more than the wooden cars. A number of modifications will be made, however, based upon the experience gained in building this car, by which the weight can be reduced without sacrificing structural strength, thus making the steel car approximately the same weight as a wooden car.

"The car body is double lined, and is built of steel and asbestos composition. The sides are covered with steel plates, and the outside roof is of transite board. The inside lining is of electrobestos, the ceiling being covered with stamped sheet steel. Electrobestos is also used for the under panels, and the moldings throughout are of copper. The flooring is of corrugated steel covered with monolithic composition. Longitudinal seats have iron frames covered with cushions, but the cross-seat frames, as already mentioned, are of wood, and are the same type as those used in the regular cars, but these will be replaced by pressed steel frames as soon as the latter are completed.

It is believed that the designer has entirely overcome the chief objection to the steel car—namely, the excessive noise which it was believed would inevitably accompany the operation of a car of this description. It has always been asserted that cars of this type would be extremely cold in winter and hot in summer, but these objections have also been overcome. As far as practical operation is concerned the present car meets all requirements of the service, the principal difference between it and those formerly employed being that the steel car is heavier; but even in its present form it will be noticed that this car does not exceed the weight of cars ordinarily used for this class of service in

steam-railway work. However, if the reduction in weight now proposed can be accomplished without entailing any structural weakness in the car-framing, the last objection will be entirely removed."



ASKING PAPA

The lovely girl tapped softly at the door of her father's private office. There was no response. She tapped a little louder.

"Come in."

She turned the knob and entered. The gray-haired money-grabber looked up from his little desk.

"Hullo, Lucie."

"Hullo, pop."

"Money?"

"No, pop."

"Eh! Anything wrong?"

"No, pop."

"Talk faster, my girl."

"Well, you see, pop, I want—"

"How much?"

"Wait, pop. Give me time."

"That's something I can't spare."

"Just a minute, pop. I want—"

"What will it cost?"

"Don't interrupt, pop. I want to give a young man something."

"Birthday present?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't come to me. I haven't any idea what a young man wants."

"But I have, pop. I—I know just what he wants."

"Then why do you come to me?"

"Because I want you to approve, pop."

"Oh, that's all right, of course. Give him anything you please. Want a check?"

"N—no, pop."

"Oh, speak up."

"I want you to say it's all right, pop. I want you to say again that I can give him anything I please."

"Silly girl. Of course you can. You've always had your own way. Is that all?"

"Wait, pop. You see, I know just what he wants."

"You said that before."

"Because what he wants is—"

"Well?"

"M-m-me!"

Tableau.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



Ten cents may get you \$5,000, and that would buy a nice home. Smoke a \$5,000 cigar for ten cents. Ask your dealer.



"The front porch is dreadfully dirty, Maria."

"Yes, I know. But the new girl says she won't wash it off until her trunk comes."

"And what has her trunk to do with it?"

"She says she always wears her best stockings when she washes porches."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



Young Tutter* (to hostess)—"I have had a very pleasant evening. But, then, I always manage to enjoy myself, no matter where I am."—*Life.*



Miss Weary—"Father always turns the gas off at ten o'clock."

Staylate—"That's first-rate. I was just going to ask you to do it."



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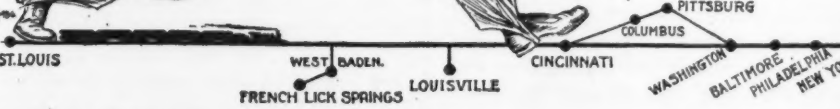
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MODERN SEA BATTLES

The pomp and pageantry of sea warfare in Nelson's day, with its stripped crowds of men swarming about the incumbered decks and streaming flags from every mast have gone with the towering ranges of sails and nimble sailors who leaped about aloft handling them even during the height of battle. The new man-of-war goes into the fight grim, unadorned and apparently proceeding by her own volition, like some unthinkable marine monster.

Far more terrible, but mercifully far more swift, will be the conflict between hostile fleets in the future. There will be scarcely any such thing as the lingering agony, long drawn out, of the old days of sea fighting. For one thing, modern ironclads and cruisers going into action will choose the lesser of the two evils confronting them. Because of the deadly peril of splinters and of fire everything of wood in their fittings, even to the boats, will be cast away at the beginning of the fight.

Then, when the battle is joined, the seamen must needs have a heart of brass incased in triple steel, a mind that refuses to meditate upon the immediate possibility of one of those terrible twelve-inch projectiles plunging down upon the vessel's deck, and out, amid the disintegration of all her ganglions of energy, through the bottom, rendering her an easy target to an uninjured foe and her sinking a matter of minutes.

The modern man-of-war will not, at any rate, prolong the agonies of her crew when she is scuttled. She will go down quick into the pit in a halo of steam, a whirling vortex of waves, and in five minutes from the commencement of her downward plunge there will be no sign that she has ever been, and only if other vessels be very near will there be any chance of saving the handful of stalwart swimmers whose superhuman struggles have wrenched them clear of the devouring down-dragging eddies.—*Frank T. Bullen in London Mail.*



NEWEST FASHIONABLE PET

Strange are the pets that London "fashion" compels its followers to keep, and various as they are strange. A new Cuban poodle was the rage a few months back. A special canary follows. Now it is a fish again, and the strangest of fish at that. The goldfish will have to look to its laurels, otherwise it will most certainly be superseded in popularity by the devilfish, a most quaint-looking reptile, for which, a leading dealer states, there have been innumerable demands of late.

The real home of this fish is Mexico, and owing to its being somewhat rare the cost of the devilfish is considerably higher than that of the goldfish, which can be bought for a few pence, while the price of its rival varies from five to ten shillings. A curious characteristic of the devilfish is that it almost invariably remains at the bottom of its bowl or tank, and it is most unusual to see it swimming about. Unlike its golden-scaled relation, it does not demand a

frequent change of water in its home, but will live quite well in the same water for weeks together, while its taste in the matter of food is not hard to please, for a devilfish likes nothing better than a very small worm. As a general rule London dealers sell these fish by pairs.—*London Daily Mail.*



CROSS-EYED MAN CONVICTED

"I do detest having anyone look at me for so long a time it could be called a stare," complained the pretty girl in the square seat to her companion, "I just feel mortified, because I imagine they think my face is painted and my hair is bleached, or something else horrible is the matter with me."

"Why, what made you think of that?" asked the other girl.

"I was noticing that man over there. He's cross-eyed, you see."

Her companion saw that he was. "But how do you know he's looking at you?" she asked.

"I don't, and that's what bothers me."

"Want to know how you can tell? I've one of the simplest ways in the world to solve that troublesome problem, as to whether a cross-eyed person is looking at you or not."

"How can you tell?" asked the pretty one, in respectful tones.

"Listen! I found myself in just the position you are in now. Only I was alone in the seat. There was a cross-eyed man sitting at the other end of the car, but facing me. He stared and stared my way, and at last I became convinced that he was staring at me. But I wondered if he really was. He might have been reading one of the advertisements near the ceiling, you know. Well, I had ridden quite a way, and I grew tired. All of a sudden I yawned; opened my mouth as big as a plate, you know, and didn't put my hand up in time to hide it. To my surprise, the cross-eyed man yawned right afterward. Of course, it might have been just a coincidence, but I remembered that a doctor once said yawning was contagious. So I yawned again, just to see if he would yawn. I knew if he did he was looking right at me."

"And did he yawn?" asked the pretty girl.

"He did. Try it on your man."

The pretty girl yawned in a tired, dejected manner, covering her little mouth with a well gloved hand.

And two seconds later the cross-eyed man yawned.—*New York Times.*



Mother—I declare, I am positively provoked at your father. I am doing my best to secure you a titled husband, and he hasn't the least sympathy with my plans. *Daughter*—Perhaps he is keeping his sympathy for me, in case you succeed in carrying out your plans.—*Brooklyn Life.*



One of President Hadley's recent stories is about a Methodist parson who was vigorously expounding the text, "There shall be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth." "Aye," he said, "there shall be gnashing of teeth! Yes," he shouted, pounding the pulpit with his

Cook With



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fist, "there shall surely be gnashing of teeth!" "But I ain't got no teeth!" shrilly piped up an old woman who had been worked up to a full realization of her sins by the preacher. "Then, madam," yelled the minister, turning in her direction, "they will be provided!"



Once Admiral Uriu, the Japanese admiral, got wind of certain complaints that had been made against the soup served on a torpedo boat in his squadron. He shot from his flagship in a launch one day at meal time, and boarded this torpedo boat just as the sailors came from the kitchen, carrying a huge and steaming cauldron.

"Halt," the admiral shouted. "Set that cauldron down."

The sailors with wondering looks, obeyed.

"Now," he said, "bring me a spoon."

An officer hurried forward.

"But, admiral—" he began.

"Never mind, sir. There's a complaint from this boat, and I'm going to settle it now," said Admiral Uriu.

He lifted the lid from the cauldron, ladled up a spoonful of its contents, and, after blowing on the liquid, he swallowed it. Then he made a wry face.

"You call this soup?" he exclaimed. "Why, it is nothing but dirty water."

"Yes, sir," said one of the sailors; "we have just been scrubbing the galley floors."



Hyker (reading)—A physiognomist says that men who are impulsive and aggressive usually have black eyes.

Piker—That's right. They are reasonably sure to get 'em sooner or later.—*Chicago News.*

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WOULD RAISE SIMILAR MELONS

Secretary Shaw tells a story at the expense of some disciples of the prohibition faith. There were some good and well-meaning people, he said, who volunteered to look after the interests of society in general. They subscribed to the tenets that forbade the quaffing from the cup that smacketh of liquor. They gave a banquet wondrous in the moderation of its menu. Watermelons wound up their festal itinerary. Now, some creature in whom dwelt the spirit of the wicked, had poured champagne into the watermelons. The sparkling stuff permeated the fruit from end to end and left its impress—at full strength—from base to circumference. Each one of that faithful band of abstemious citizens smacked his lips unconsciously, and then quickly glanced at his companions. They looked suspiciously at one another. Then they resumed the attack on the luscious melons with renewed vigor, and slyly extracted the seeds and put them in their vest pockets!



A QUAKER THRASHING

When Representative Burton of Cleveland made his speech in which he attacked the naval policy of the administration, he referred to the Quakers several times as "men of peace," and to himself as a member of the peace party. Representative Butler of Pennsylvania is a Quaker. He made a speech in reply to Burton, and in it told of a young Quaker lad who got into an altercation with an outsider. The outsider slapped the Quaker. The Quaker winced and said: "Please slap me on the other cheek." The outsider gave him a stinging slap on that cheek. "Now, friend," said the Quaker, "I have obeyed the Biblical injunction and intend to give thee the worst thrashing thee ever had." "And he did," said Representative Butler. "We Quakers are people of peace all right, but it doesn't do to go too far on that hypothesis."



TOO BAD

Senator "Joe" Hawley has a collection of dog stories, one of which wins friends and votes.

He was taking a constitutional trip in a Western New York village on a pleasant summer's day. While passing a cottage he was approached by its tenant, who looked like a panhandler.

"Can't you help me, sir?" said the man.

"Why, you can't need anything," returned the Senator. "You have four or five dogs around the place, my man."

"That's true, sir," was the reply, "but I can't compel my family to eat dogs."



Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, was discussing the servant question humorously.

"Once I had a maid," she said, "who did not dust my rooms often enough to suit me. One morning to rebuke her, I said: 'See, Martha, I can write my name on the mantel.'"

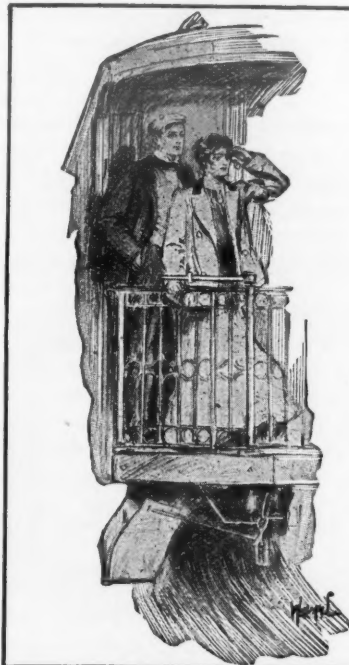
"Ah, ma'am," Martha answered, "there's nothin' like education, after all, is there?"

THEIR FIRST ANNIVERSARY

More attention, time and money are being devoted to the manufacture and acquirement of artistic home and office furnishings nowadays than at any other period in the history of civilization. The immense, almost bewildering, variety of designs and quality of furniture now on the market makes it no easy matter for a purchaser to secure just what he wants for home or office. But the Georgia-Stimson Company of 616 and 618 Washington avenue, which has just rounded out a successful anniversary with sales aggregating \$489,266.32, makes it easy for persons seeking to buy furniture. It does not seek to bewilder them, but presents a magnificent, complete stock from which to make selections. This is what makes the company and store popular with the public, and has placed it in the foremost rank of home and office furnishers. The six floors of its store are filled with a magnificent line of furniture, and a visit to this great emporium is a treat. In the basement are to be found office furniture of the latest pattern, including desks of all sizes and makes, and the Shaw-Walker Verticle Filing System Cabinet. The first floor is a gem. Here one finds the most complete stock of articles that serve to make home comfortable and pretty. Here are mission and den furnishings, representing the best work of many nations. The card tables, smoking stands, cellerettes, chafing dish stands, odd chairs, tables, pipe racks and beer coolers, in fact, everything suitable for cozy corner or hubby's haven, please the eye of the beholder and make him long for the comforts of the home. Rugs, too, of many designs and color schemes, and at any price, set off this picture of luxury and ease. The other departments' stocks are equally as rich, and reasonable in price. The second floor has a great artistic display of dining-room furniture of every known wood, and of several grades, and on its balcony are to be seen magnificent pieces for library furnishings. The bed-room suits, odd dressers and chiffoniers for ladies and gentlemen cover 7,500 feet of floor space, and the stock of brass and iron beds, ornamental and plain, is as large as any in the city. There are desks, music cabinets and shaving stands of many shapes and woods. Carpets, drapery and tapestry, willow ware, raffia reed and rattan furniture, folding beds, hall trees, hall seats and mirrors, easy chairs and rockers, form an endless assortment, and all are within the reach of every one's purse. The immense business done by the Georgia-Stimson Company is a guarantee of the character of its goods and a sign of the affability and sociability of both officers and employees of the firm. The company has now on sale a complete stock of spring goods, which it is offering at reasonable rates. A visit to this store will undoubtedly prove beneficial to the purchaser. The members of the firm who aided in its success are: W. E. Georgia, E. W. Stimson, Robert Klein, W. A. Nicholson, Jr., L. S. Alden, Louis Thole, Charles F. Dietz.



A \$5,000 cigar for ten cents may mean \$5,000 in gold for you. Ask your dealer.



California

WITH EYES WIDE OPEN

That's the way to travel, if you would profit by it ... On the Santa Fe, going to California, are peaks miles high, and canyons a mile deep; rainbow-colored petrified forests, ages old; nomadic Navajos and home-loving Pueblo Indians; painted deserts and oases of tropical verdure ... Seen on no other line.

The California Limited runs through this southwest land of enchantment daily, between Chicago, Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco. Visit Grand Canyon of Arizona en route.

Our illustrated booklets, mailed free, will help you rightly plan a California tour. Address General Passenger Office, Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway, Chicago.

Santa Fe

GERMAN THEATER

"ODEON"

Heinemann & Welb - - - Managers

TO-NIGHT,
Benefit for Arno Olden
"Die Loewenbraut"

(The Lion Bride)

"Farce Comedy from Curtain to Curtain"
Emanuel Samster, Banker Arno Olden

NEXT SUNDAY NIGHT, MARCH 13,

First time in America

"Ohne Geläut"

(Without Toll of Bells)

The greatest novelty of the Lessing Theater this season.

FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR TEN CENTS

A Golden Opportunity—Within the Reach of Every Resident and Visitor of St. Louis.

There has been deposited in the National Bank of Commerce of St. Louis, the sum of Five Thousand Dollars, which amount will be given away next October 12th.

This small fortune will be directly within the grasp of every man in and around St. Louis who smokes, and indirectly every man, woman and child in the city.

It is but natural and fair to assume that this magnificent sum will not be given away simply for philanthropic reasons, but the conditions and requirements governing its disposal are so easy that it practically amounts to a gift.

The World's Fair Management has set aside October 11th next as Missouri Day, upon which date it is expected the people of the grand old State will turn out en masse to do honor to the World's greatest exposition.

To estimate the number of paid admissions to the Exposition on this day will require considerable skill, yet will afford no little interest, inasmuch as the sum of Five Thousand Dollars will be paid to the person making the correct or nearest correct estimate. Should there be more than one correct or nearest correct estimate, this sum will be equally divided between the persons making such estimates.

The conditions governing this contest of skill are essentially as follows:

The Million Cigar Co., of St. Louis, are placing on the market a new brand of 10-cent cigars, known as the "\$5,000-Cigar for Ten Cents," a piece of goods of highest quality, and the equal of any and superior of many cigars now retailing for ten cents.

With each and every purchase of a \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents, an official estimate card will be given by your dealer, on which card estimates must be made. Full instructions as to the manner of making estimates will be printed upon these official cards. You have only to buy one of these cigars, make your estimate, and enjoy your smoke. Every time you smoke a \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents you tighten your grip on Five Thousand Dollars.

It must be apparent to any intelligent mind that the \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents will be of superior quality, guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction to the smoker, or its sale would be limited to the first trial.

The contest is a method of introducing and advertising this brand of cigars, adopted by The Million Cigar Co., and the aim of the Company, as its name implies, is to sell One Million \$5,000 Cigars for Ten Cents between now and October 11th next. Therefore the cigar must be good, else how could we do it?

As above stated the sum of Five Thousand Dollars is now on deposit, with the distinct stipulation that the amount can be drawn only by the person earning it according to the rules of the contest, by order of the Million Cigar Co., of St. Louis.

The next time you buy a cigar ask for the \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents, and an estimate card will be given you, free of charge. Anyone wishing to make an estimate without purchasing a \$5,000 Cigar for Ten Cents may do so by paying 15c for an official estimate card.

It may be a few days before your dealer will have these cigars in stock, but an effort will be made to place them as rapidly as possible.

THE MILLION CIGAR COMPANY,

St. Louis, Mo.

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK,
Wed. and Sat. Matinees
Chas. B. Dillingham
presents

Maxine Elliott
in the new Clyde Fitch
comedy

HER

OWN WAY

NEXT MONDAY,
Reserved Seats Thurs
Chas. Frohman will
present

Ethel Barrymore
in Hubert Henry Davies' Comedy

"Cousin Kate"

CENTURY

THIS WEEK,
Shubert, Nixon and
Zimmerman present

A CHINESE

HONEYMOON

Friday World's Fair
Night

Regular Matinee Sat.

Next Sunday Night,
Reserved Seats Thurs
F. C. and B. C. Whitney
present

"THE ISLE

OF SPICE"

Next Monday, Benefit
of W. D. Cave, Treasurer

GRAND

Mats. Wed., Sat.
25c and 50c

Night Prices, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00.

THE BONNIE BRIER BUSH

Next Sunday Mat.—THE RUNAWAYS, with Arthur Dunn.

Imperial 25c

Evenings, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c.
Matinees Daily, 25c
Get the Habit.

Sunday Matinee, March 13, and Week,

James A. Herne's Great Success

HEARTS OF OAK

As rugged as the coast of New England

NEXT—"The Great White Diamond."

STANDARD

The Home of Folly.
THIS WEEK,

New

City

Sports

Two Frolics Daily.
NEXT WEEK,

Knicker-

bocker

Burlesquers



(Fourth Successful Season)

Leading Local Dramatic Organization

Now Under Rehearsal:

"UNDER THE RED CROSS"

"DAVID GARRICK"

Rehearsals at Odeon. Performances at the Pickwick Theatre.

Need few ambitious, energetic people to complete roster.

Requirements: Average intelligence and good social standing. For membership address,

ST. LOUIS SKETCH CLUB,

Care, The Odeon, Grand and Finney

THE STOCK MARKET

What an unspeakably dull market they had in Wall street in the past week! Nothing like it had been seen for ever so long a time. What trading there was seemed utterly devoid of feature, though some pretended to be able to detect signs of quiet liquidation in some prominent directions. The drift in prices was unmistakably downward, but the amount of trading so restricted and professional that it was absolutely impossible to form anything like a half-way satisfactory opinion in regard to the real position of stocks and the purposes of tone-giving operators.

The bank statement of last Saturday was not regarded with much favor. The large addition to the loan item offset the surprising gain in deposits. Loans now stand at the highest notch ever touched in the history of the New York Associated Banks. However, money continues easy. Even the beginning of gold shipments to South America failed to induce a stiffening in rates. The banking situation is not one of the least of the many perplexing features of the present speculative situation. The prevailing ease in money is to be regarded mainly as the outcome of operations incidental to the Panama Canal payments, and the concentration of the country's funds in the Eastern metropolis, the month of March being nearly always one of dull business and uncertainty as to the crops and tendencies in trade and industry in the new year.

Iron and steel exports from this country have been increasing latterly, but hardly at the rate anticipated some months ago, when over-sanguine bulls indulged in enthusiastic fanfaronading after the United States Steel Company had made announcement of its intention to enter into vigorous competition with foreign producers in their own home markets. Besides, prices paid for American products in this line of export trade are considerably below the level which is artificially maintained at Pittsburgh. People who know what they are talking about utter depressing opinions in regard to the future of our iron and steel business. They consider further price-slashing inevitable, because the "heavy-weights" among consumers con-

tinue to hold off, being suspicious, and rightly so, of current quotations.

Some one clique is doing dextrous work in the shares of the billion dollar steel trust. The preferred and common appear to be pegged at 55 or 56. As to the common, nothing need be said. It is going up and down in an exasperatingly narrow and featureless fashion. It is acting aimlessly, for reasons to explain which would be more than superfluous at this late stage in speculative proceedings. There is any number of traders who would pay handsomely for "straight information bearing upon the actual financial condition of the company and its prospects for the future. A cut in the 7 per cent dividend on the preferred is not expected to take place in the near future, the croaking of ghost-seers to the contrary notwithstanding. Brokers close to insiders aver confidence in the company's ability to continue paying the seven per cent for several quarters to come, at least. Let's hope they are right. Wouldn't it be awful if the dividend on this influential stock were to be reduced or passed altogether?

More disappointing statements of earnings have been submitted by various railroad companies. The Rock Island, the Canadian Pacific and the Pennsylvania made particularly bad showings. There can no longer be any doubt but that the lean period has set in. Rate-cutting, decreasing business activity and inflated prices of material and wages are the chief factors making for inroads on net revenues. One of the most notable of these recent reports was that of the Erie, which disclosed a cost of operation, for the month of January, reaching the astoundingly high percentage of 91. Unfavorable weather conditions alone cannot be considered to have been the principal cause of this disquieting swelling in the expenses of the Erie's operating department.

The Burlington and New York Central have contracted new loans in New York, but on a significantly small scale. It would seem that these two companies have decided not to rush matters, but to borrow the trifling amount of five or six millions every few months or so. By proceeding in this calculatingly cautious way they expect to save investors from too severe a shock. However, the question is pertinent at this time. How long do our large railroad companies purpose to borrow millions upon millions while paying uninterrupted dividends of five and six per cent. upon their distended stock capitalization? What's the use of, and where is conservatism in, paying dividends from borrowed money? The Pennsylvania and New York Central have increased their capitalizations at an amazing rate since 1901. They have repeatedly given "rights" to subscribe to their new bonds and shares; one of them has a capitalization at present which is twice the amount of what it was three years ago. In spite of all this inflation and juggling, however, both of these corporations are apparently still sorely in need of funds for improvement work. What's to be the end of these things? And are there other railroad companies who are similarly placed and also intending to make enormous demands upon banking capi-



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FOURTH & PINE STS. ST. LOUIS

MARCONI SECURITIES

THE FOUNDATION ON WHICH TO BUILD YOUR

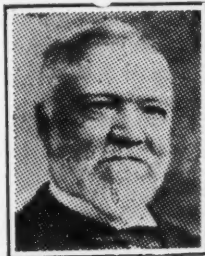
FORTUNE

THOS. A. EDISON says:



"MARCONI will do great things with wireless telegraphy. We no longer consider it strange that ships should talk to one another from distances of six or seven hundred miles, and as a matter of fact, wireless telegraphy is now being used all over the world."—New York Herald, February 14, 1904.

ANDREW CARNEGIE says:



"Marconi has already done a lifetime's work, but he is going to do another. He is a wonderful young man. I believe in him thoroughly."

A small investment in Marconi Securities will make you independent in a few years. A larger investment will make you rich.

The Marconi Wireless Telegraph is the most marvelous and useful invention ever introduced. It not only does all that the telegraph and cable system will do, but very much more and at a fraction of the expense. It is destined to come into more general use than the telegraph, cable and telephone systems, with their hundreds of millions of capitalization and millions upon millions of dividends combined. It will be a means of communication between every country, every city, every town, every village, house, factory, store, office and farm, for its cost is within the reach of every one and its use required by all.

It will be more profitable than shares of the Bell Telephone Company, which were first offered at \$1.00, and afterwards sold for more than \$1000. An investment of \$100 then has yielded up to the present time \$200,000.

The stock of the English Marconi Company was put out at \$5.00 per share, and since sold at \$22 on the London Stock Exchange, an advance of 340 per cent. The possibilities of the American Company are much greater. No enterprise has ever grown like the Marconi. Invented less than six years ago, and put into practical operation less than three, it has been indorsed by the leading nations of the world, employed by many Governments and used in their Navies.

Indorsed by prominent men and the press of the world.
THE REVENUES OF THE COMPANY ARE CONSTANTLY INCREASING AND ITS FIELD OF OPERATION GROWING DAILY.

The system has been adopted by the New York Herald for its great shipping news department and by Lloyds London world-renowned agency, who have contracted for the service for 15 years.

Eight stations are in active operation on the Atlantic coast. More than 100 ocean steamers equipped with the Marconi system.

Land Connections—Both the Western Union Telegraph Company and the Postal Telegraph Cable Company, at any of their offices throughout the United States and Canada, will receive and transmit messages from and to the great fleet of ocean steamers equipped with the Marconi apparatus.

Thos. A. Edison, Marconi, and M. I. Pupin of Columbia College are the Consulting Engineers of the Company.

NO PREFERRED STOCK, NO BONDS. EVERY STOCKHOLDER BEING ON AN EQUAL BASIS.

NEW YORK WORLD, October 10, 1903, States:

"The scope of the Wireless System is wider than that of the Bell Telephone. It is not unreasonable to assume, therefore, that great fortunes can be made by moderate investments in the Marconi securities, and that small investors will become independently wealthy within a few years. It is likely that certificates representing \$5.00 will increase in value 200 or even 300 fold."—New York World.

The present opportunity will never come again, as the price will be advanced shortly.

Marconi Certificates will net you from 100 to 1000 per cent—better results than any labors of yours can produce.

SEND your check or money order for certificates at \$5 each. No subscription received for less than 20 Certificates, \$100.

Bear in mind that an investment of \$100 in the English Marconi Company a few months ago increased 340 per cent—the American Company offers greater opportunities.

Prospectus and full particulars upon application.

F. P. WARD & CO.,

Century Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Farmers' Bank Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

Land & Title Bldg., Philadelphia.

Connell Bldg., Scranton, Pa.

Clark & Washington St., Chicago.

Crossley Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Hennen Bldg., New Orleans.

Correspondents of Munroe & Munroe, N. Y.

PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION

At All Our Offices. You are cordially invited to call and receive a Marconigram

St. Louis Union Trust Co.

N. W. COR. FOURTH AND LOCUST STS.

Capital and Surplus

\$10,000,000.00

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

tal as soon as the opportunity may seem propitious for the taking of such steps?

In reference to the course of prices in the next few weeks nobody appears willing to make predictions of any kind. The average trader is sorely bewildered. He does not know which way to turn. To-day, he may be of the belief that stocks cannot go any lower, and to-morrow be ready to admit, in sheer despair, that everything is bound to go to the demdition bow-wows. The way the market has been fluctuating latterly proved conclusively that there is no distinct aim to trading, that it is chiefly the professionals who are guiding the uninteresting ups and downs in quotations.

Over in Europe, everything looks gloomy and glum. Some large financial houses have been terrible damaged by the late recent drops. In London and Paris distrust is rife. It will require potent financial succor to prevent further cataclysms. In the past week, the Paris market revealed signs of convalescence. These may be deceptive, however. Private cables are not reassuring, although they are disposed to find some crumbs of encouragement in the increasing plethora of funds in Lombard street.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Locally, things remain about in *statu quo*. In other words, there is nothing doing. What transactions there are have little or no significance. Brokers express discouragement. Buyers remain as apathetic as they ever were in the last six months, while there are many who would gladly let go of their stocks if they could do so without incurring terrific losses. The daily sessions on the stock exchange have become dreary affairs. Brokers simply sit around watching each other and thinking sadly of the good old times when buyers were as numerous as bees in a hive.

Street railway issues are lower. There has been a persistent dribbling out of late, especially in United Railways preferred, which can now be bought at about 50½, after a decline to 50. St. Louis Transit acted dully, after receding to 8½. Would-be purchasers seem to be afraid of touching these issues. The ominous rumors afloat regarding the financial condition of the concern and the seeming hitches in the negotiations for a new bond issue have thrown a bad chill over the bull ranks. The 4 per cent bonds are neglected at about 77½.

There has been no sale of any bank or trust company shares for some days. Nominally, Mercantile is offered at 316, Title Guaranty at 59 and Mechanics at 265. Commonwealth is purchasable at 247½. For Boatmen's 227 is bid. Merchants-Laclede is offering at 293.

St. Louis Brewing 6s are selling at 91½, in a small way. For Missouri-Edison 5s 98½ is bid. Candy common is in poor demand at 11½. Central Coal & Coke common is going at 58¼, Granite-Bimetallic at 40.

Bank clearances continue to show gains over a year ago. Money is in good demand at steady rates. Time and call loans are quoted at about 4½ to

5 per cent. Sterling is firm, the last quotations being \$4.87½.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

D. D. R., Hastings, Neb.—Don't touch Leather preferred Stock an unknown quantity, in spite of the good dividend on it. Company never issues clear statements.

T. L., Elgin, Ill.—Sell your Mexican Central on first rally. Most unlikely to go to your point again within a year or two. Cream is off.

W. W. P. O'S., Rochester, N. Y.—Would sell Norfolk & Western common. A poor speculation. Physical condition of company anything but what it should be. Heavy expenditures inevitable. Dividends on preferred will probably be maintained.

J. H. D.—Think bank stock named will go lower. Insiders been selling by the ream twelve months ago. Don't fall under the fatal spell of the big dividend.

Mrs. Willing—"They say she wore one for each bridesmaid. Do you believe that a bride's garter insures a speedy marriage?" Mrs. Ketcham—"Sometimes—if well mounted and exhibited judiciously."—*Town Topics*.



BIG FOUR

St. Louis to New York.
St. Louis to Boston.
St. Louis to Cincinnati.

Father Knickerbocker:

"Porter, order my breakfast in the Dining Car. I have had a splendid night's rest and have a good appetite. The Big Four is the smoothest road I ever saw."

TICKET OFFICE,

Broadway and Chestnut Street,
W. P. DEFFEY, Chief A.G.P.A. St. Louis.

"The Busy Man's Train."

Appropriate in its Name,
Appropriate in its Route,
Appropriate in its Character.

"The 20th Century Limited."

This is *The* century of all ages. The New York Central's 20-hour train between New York and Chicago (the two great commercial centers of America) is *The* train of the century, and is appropriately named

"The 20th Century Limited."

A copy of the 52-page Illustrated Catalogue of the "Four-Track Series" will be sent free upon receipt of a two-cent stamp by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

SUMMER SHOWS

Colonel John D. Hopkins has engaged a number of the greatest European year, through that were brought to this Committee. For his visit to Fore Park, these play-lands, new one of these. The M. C. C. has, never so as the hot summer and rare excellence of programme to be in keep them off the streets. The direct re-

NOBLE WORK

LINCOLN
TRUST CO.
SEVENTH AND CHESTNUT STS.
3% on Savings Accounts.

WHITAKER & COMPANY,

BOND & STOCK BROKERS.

Investment Securities a Specialty

Direct Private Wire to New York.

300 N. FOURTH STREET,

ST. LOUIS

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We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

COSMOS

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The best work yet produced by this author. Photograph and autograph in each book. Price \$1.25, prepaid to any address. Send money by post-office order to

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Keeley FOR LIQUOR DRINKING, MORPHINE **Keeley**
Cure ALL NARCOTIC DRUG USING, NEURASTHENIA, TOBACCO AND CHARETTE ADDICTIONS
DR. J. E. BLAINE, Physician and Manager.
2803 LOCUST STREET, ST. LOUIS. TELEPHONE LINDELL 155
HOME TREATMENT FOR TOBACCO AND NEURASTHENIA.

HANNA AND WHITNEY

There was a certain parallelism in the lives of the two great political leaders who died last month. Senator Hanna and ex-Secretary Whitney had both won remarkable success and reputation in other fields of effort before they thought of devoting themselves to politics in the large. Each became a force in national politics, not in his own personal interest, but in that of a friend to whom he pledged his undivided support. Mr. Hanna's devotion to McKinley in the campaigns of 1896 and 1900 was hardly less marked than that of Mr. Whitney. Although Mr. Whitney was the younger man, he completed his active political career just as Mr. Hanna was entering on his—eight years ago. Both men had unusual executive ability; they were adepts in political management. Senator Hanna could have been a great cabinet officer, as Mr. Whitney could have been an eminent parliamentarian. In the organization of great industrial undertakings, neither man had many equals. As Secretary of the Navy in President Cleveland's first cabinet, Mr. Whitney laid the foundations that made possible the victories at Santiago and Manila a decade later. In later years, he showed rare capacity in the consolidation of transportation interests in New York—the same kind of capacity that Mr. Hanna had shown in Cleveland.—*Review of Reviews.*



OLD AND NEW AIDS TO BEAUTY

Of course there is nothing new in the cult of beauty; the only novelty lies in the extravagant fashion in which new inventions are applied to it. Electric baths and vibration treatment may be innovations, but cosmetics and medicated baths date from the earliest ages. Women have always aspired to be beautiful, and have painted their faces and "tired their heads" since time immemorial and in all countries. The geisha of Japan changes the color of her lips three times in one evening, and no little Japanese lady ever misses an opportunity of whipping out the rouge pot and mirror which form an indispensable part of her toilet. Among the recipes which have come down to us from our ancestresses are many prescriptions for the complexion, composed of marshmallow and wax, honey of roses and olive oil. Mixed bathing in tubs of water thickened with scented bran and salutary herbs was the fashion in mediæval France and recalled the days of Roman luxury. Vapor baths date from an even earlier period, and one wonders if there is any nostrum to-day for the preservation of beauty which has not been known to those professional beauties of France, Diane de Poitiers and Ninon de l'Enclos. The question is, are women really more admired to-day for being steamed and smeared and electrified? Is any attraction worth having which is obtained by the painful and expensive methods we read of? I doubt it. Nobody is really taken in by the artificially manufactured beauty. It is the duty of every woman to make the best of herself. Certain defects of complexion and figure can be easily remedied. Physical exercises, fresh air and good diet

will work wonders with those, and by the addition of a smart dressmaker, milliner and clever hair-dresser many a plain girl has been transformed into a pretty one. If a woman's nose is inclined to absorb too much color and her cheeks too little, no doubt a few judicious dabs of powder and rouge in the right places may be excusable.—*A Countess in the London Outlook.*



It must be good, or we couldn't do it. \$5,000 cigar for ten cents. Ask your dealer.



A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY

"How far is 'it around the world?" In girlish innocence asked she; "Ah, I will measure it," he said, "If you'll permit me to, and see." Then when his strong right arm he placed About her waist so small and trim, He found it wasn't very far, For she was all the world to him. —*The Listener in Town Topics.*

Brannigan—"The doctor told me to get a porous plaster for me stomach."

Druggist—"Yes, sir; what sort do you want?"

Brannigan—"Tis little I care what sort it is, so long as 'tis aasily digested."



"In America," said the traveler, "it is considered wrong to have more than one wife." It is not merely wrong," answered the Sultan, as he glanced apprehensively at the harem, "it's foolish."—*Washington Star.*

Chic.-K. C. & S. W. Limited



C. M. & St. Paul

I. & G. N.

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ST. LOUIS

1904

The "True St. Louis
World's Fair Line."

M I L E S I N U T E S O N E Y

Saved via the I. & G. N.

100 to 200 Miles

Shortest

WORLD'S FAIR

4 to 8 Hours

Quickest

From Texas

Watch for Our Announcement
Extraordinary.

D. J. PRICE,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

L. TRICE,
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"The Texas Road."

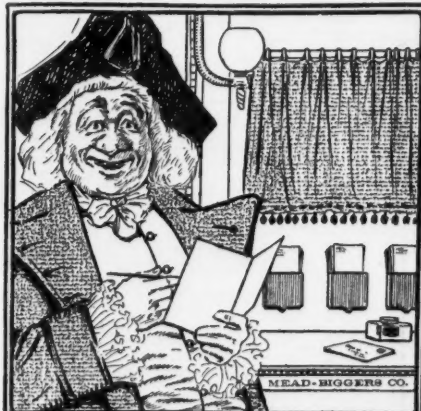
Palestine, Texas.

CARMODY'S,

213 N. Eighth St.

FINEST LIQUORS

THAT'S ALL.



THE KNICKERBOCKER SPECIAL BIG FOUR

St. Louis to Cincinnati.
St. Louis to New York.
St. Louis to Boston.

My Dear Wife:

"I am in the Library Car on the Knickerbocker. Is it not wonderful that I can write a letter while the train is running 50 miles an hour? The track is very smooth."

TICKET OFFICE,

Broadway and Chestnut Street,
W. P. DEPPE, Chief A. G. P. A., St. Louis.

The Grand

Wm. Schaefer,
Proprietor.

N. W. Corner 6th and Pine Streets,

Finest Bar and Billiard Hall in the West

STRICTLY MODERN AND FIRST-CLASS
IN EVERY RESPECT.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Diamonds and Jewelry.

CENTRAL LOAN OFFICE,

204 N. FOURTH STREET.



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IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE



FORMING WITH THE
TEXAS & PACIFIC RAILWAY
AND CONNECTION THE
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